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The Week

M. RENÉ VIVIANI has, it is now clear, failed to persuade the Harding administration to adopt the course with respect to the new European war which the French and British governments desire. They precipitated the existing crisis with Germany in the hope of preventing the conclusion of a separate peace between Germany and America. The administration answers by declaring its intention of proceeding immediately with the Knox resolution. They sent M. Viviani to this country primarily for the purpose of inducing the American government to sign the Treaty, subject to any reservations it pleased, and to back them up in their present coercion of Germany. The administration answers by an explicit refusal to sign the Treaty of Versailles and by writing a note to the German government proposing negotiations between the Allies and Germany "on a new basis." As the Allies dictated the basis of the first negotiations, the Hughes note is an implicit criticism of the action of France and Great Britain for plunging into a policy of military coercion without having exhibited more consideration, more patience and a greater desire to reach a fair agreement. Their precipitant, domineering policy has served to alienate the American government rather than to force upon it the complaisant acceptance of their initiative.

THE present strike of the British coal miners raises a deeper and a less easily adjusted issue than any which has been raised in Great Britain since the armistice. This issue was certain to jump to the surface just as soon as the government relinquished its control of the coal industry. During the period of public operation the government established certain national scales of wages, hours and working conditions which represented for many of the coal-miners clear and considerable improvement in their standard of living. The government could afford to establish these national scales because the industry itself was nationalized and it could use the surplus earned by the rich mines to pay for the deficit which the uniform standards imposed upon the poor mines. But as soon as the management of the more productive mines was divided from the management of the less productive mines, the operators of the latter could not afford to live up to the standards established during the war by the government. Under any conditions many of the poorer mines would have to shut down, thus causing immediate and considerable unemployment, and unless wages were drastically cut in some districts many more would have to cease production. All this is the necessary result of de-control and the failure during the past few years of the negotiations to maintain some measure of national organization of the industry.

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IF the economic effects of de-control are allowed to prevail without any recognition by the British government and ruling class of the social desirability of maintaining the higher standards of living, a prolonged and bitter contest is certain to result. The issue is a terribly serious one for British labor. In 1914 it was discontented with its treatment almost to the point of revolt. As Mr. Frank Vanderlip has pointed out, the differential enjoyed at that time by British industry in the markets of the world was born of the exploitation of labor. During the war the British wage-earner won certain substantial improvements in his economic status, but he well knows that his title to these improvements is precarious and that he cannot count on keeping them. He is, indeed, likely to lose them unless their maintenance is adopted as a matter of national policy by the British government. But in this critical instance the government by deciding on de-control at an extremely unfavorable moment and without regard to the interests of the miners has apparently adopted the opposite policy of acting so as to break down their standard of living and to take away from them the gains which they won during the war. That is why the railway employees and the transport workers are disposed to make common cause with the strikers. The latter anticipate that in the course of time such disciplinary measures will be applied to them as are being applied to the miners.

THE first days of the inept and sudden return of Karl to Hungary were days of confusion, and found his friends and opponents alike unprepared. Plans changed overnight. At first he was to leave immediately, either for Spain or Switzerland. Then he conveniently fell ill, and departure was postponed. Later still Karl declared he would not leave Hungary at all, but wished to be allowed to stay, as a private citizen if necessary. These indecisions varied with Hungary's feelings about a restoration: at first, surprised, and apparently cool, then gradually more hopeful, till a thrill of loyalty ran through the army and the Magyar aristocracy. And in nearly every other country that boasts of a catholic nobility the same hope was felt. Certain French generals are said to have helped in the plot. On the surface, the Hungarian regency reproved the Emperor; but underneath, it was quite evident they could have dealt differently with him had they seriously intended to prevent his restoration. The adventure shows how strong is the desire for a Hungary united within her former boundaries. It is also a symptom of the instability of the central Europe of today.

THE unofficial American Commission of Inquiry into the present disordered state of Ireland has made its report. While there is no doubt that, as the British Embassy's reply insists, many of the witnesses before it were prejudiced, there is also no doubt in the mind of any one who has followed Irish events closely that the Commission's bill of indictment against British military occupation is in general a true one. The report finds that the government has maintained in Ireland a large force of youthful, inexperienced, and sometimes criminal troops, under whose rule have occurred many cases of indiscriminate assassination, of torture, and of wanton destruction. It finds that, acting under "proclamations issued by the competent military authorities of the imperial British forces," hostages are carried by forces exposed to Republican fire, that fines are levied, that "private property is destroyed in reprisals for acts with which the owners have no connection," that the population is subjected to inquisition, and that these acts "are contrary to the laws of peace or war." These conclusions will serve to remind Americans, who are, we think, much more indifferent to the anarchy in Ireland than is generally believed, that until British troops are withdrawn there cannot be any hope of peace.

BUT at this moment many Americans will perhaps not care to protest too loudly against the indignities inflicted upon one foreign race by another. Recent events have again reminded us of how little the Negro has melted into our pot. In Georgia a white plantation owner has been charged with killing eleven Negroes, in a case that hints at widespread peonage in the South. In Dallas County, Texas, "as a warning to other Negroes not to associate with white women," a Negro was given thirty lashes at a midnight court of the Ku Klux Klan, and the letters "K. K. K." were branded on his forehead with silver nitrate. The Klan, its Imperial Wizard, Colonel Simmons, tells us, "is strictly an American institution of and for white American citizens pledged to fundamental American ideals and institutions." We thought that the Civil War had established the right of the Negro to decent treatment as one of our "fundamental institutions."

DURING the last week in March Charles McCarthy died in Arizona after a long, harassing illness and America is much the poorer for his loss. He was one of the most picturesque and original personalities and he possessed one of the most restless and versatile minds which the progressive movement of from 1902 to 1914 brought to the

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surface. Better perhaps than any other progressive leader he expressed the deeper aspiration of that movement, which was to convert the American government into an instrument of social democracy by improving its methods, by educating its agents and by increasing its sense of responsibility to the popular will. He mixed the scientific study of government with political agitation and practical reform in a way that was unprecedented in American politics. As far back as 1901, when La Follette was Governor of Wisconsin, he started his legislative reference library in a little room under the eaves of the State Capitol. His object was to furnish to the legislature the information and technical skill which its members needed to draw effective legislation. The idea subsequently grew in McCarthy's mind until he finally aimed at placing the results of scientific research at the disposal of every branch of the American government. He had a real passion for truth and a vivid conviction that, if the American democracy was to be saved, it must manage better than it is now doing to live according to the light of the best political knowledge and practice. He brought to the service of this conviction a great ardor and complete disinterestedness.

IT is a melancholy fact that when Charles McCarthy died his death and his life passed practically unnoticed in the press of the largest city in the United States. In 1912, the year in which his "Wisconsin Idea" was published, he was a most conspicuous figure in American public life, whereas, nine years later, in 1921, he was forgotten by the ordinary newspaper editor. There were many reasons. Wisconsin repudiated its own idea. The war came and distracted the attention of the country. McCarthy had associated his idea with an "ethical conception of the State" which he took to be German, and the German conception of the state during the course of the war came in for some small measure of unpopularity. McCarthy made the mistake of attaching too much importance to the State in his theory of social democracy, but the mistake was shared by practically all his associates in the progressive movement. He redeemed his mistake by his passionate interest in the welfare of the plain American people and his passionate faith in the value for a democracy of tested knowledge and sound method. A democratic state was to him fundamentally a vehicle of moral and social education.

WE are glad to be able to report a thoroughly decent appointment by Mr. Harding's administration. Miss Mary Anderson has been chosen to succeed herself as Director of the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor. For thirteen years she was a factory worker, and president of the local Boot and Shoe Workers Unions in Lynn and in Chicago. Later she became organizer for the National Women's Trade Union League. Miss Anderson has an unusually clear understanding and liberal attitude toward labor problems. Would she have been selected if a number of powerful women's organizations—and women are voters—had not asked for her reappointment?

THE employees of the Atlanta, Birmingham and Atlantic Railway are on strike. On Tuesday, March 29th, a man by the name of Lee Dodd approached several strikers at Fitzgerald, Georgia, and proposed that three or four of them go with him to some trestles near the town, then burn them or blow them up, spike tracks in order to wreck the train, and do other things to put the railroad out of business. One of the strikers reported this proposal to the A. B. and A.'s general superintendent, who refused to help swear out a warrant for Dodd's arrest. But ultimately Dodd was arrested, and several interesting details in his past came to light. He had been sent from Birmingham to take a job as a strike-breaker, he admitted that at one time he had been a detective. And very likely the spy agencies that employed him were careful to be known as "industrial conciliators."

The Just Determination of Germany's Ability to Pay

ON Saturday, April 2nd, after weeks of blind speculation, the newspapers finally opened their eyes and discovered under their nose the nature of the errand which brought M. Viviani to this country. He has really come to seek the "moral support" of the American government for the methods which France and Great Britain are using in order to collect the indemnity from Germany. This account of his mission was implied by a curious statement which a "high official" in the administration issued to the press on Friday, April 1st. On that day, which is sometimes known as April Fool's Day, the administration in a burst of confidence revealed the attitude which it proposed to assume towards the issues underlying the new European war. The revelation was hailed in the headlines as an assertion of the intention of the American government to support France and Great Britain in their coercion of Germany and as a tri-

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umph for the adroit diplomacy of M. Viviani.

A careful scrutiny of the text of the statement scarcely justifies such an interpretation of the government's intentions. It is, indeed, a little difficult to decide just what the revelation did mean, because different newspapers published different versions of the statement. The New York Times, for instance, "explained the position" of the government in the following words, which it placed in the mouth of an important member of the administration. "Our attitude is that we consider Germany should acknowledge its moral responsibility for the war and must pay reparation to the limit of its ability to pay. The idea that we fought throughout the war yet would aid Germany in escaping its obligations is absurd and ridiculous." On the other hand, the New York American supplies the following text as the "exact statement" of the official policy. "This administration holds firm to the position that Germany should be forced to accept the full moral responsibility for the war and should pay to the full extent of her ability, *that amount to be determined by a fair and just process.*" The New York Tribune and Herald both confirm the American in reporting that according to the official statement, Germany's ability to pay should be determined by fair and just methods. The statement does not, consequently, look like such an unequivocal triumph for the diplomacy of M. Viviani. Why this embarrassing insistence on fairness and justice?

The addition to the statement of the phrase about fair and just determination of Germany's ability to pay is susceptible of just one sufficient explanation. This phrase is the significant part of the statement and amounts in substance to a proviso. There was no need to announce that the American government would help Germany in escaping the payment of any obligation which she was able to pay. Nobody outside of the lunatic asylum proposed or anticipated the adoption of such an absurd course. Neither was it necessary to declare that France and Great Britain could depend on the "moral support" of the United States in pressing Germany to pay according to her ability. The Germans themselves took this much for granted. The dispute between Germany and her present invaders turns upon a difference of opinion as to the amount of her paying ability. The statement of the administration carefully refrains from taking any side in this dispute. It merely declares that in order to obtain American moral support in the collection of the indemnity, the amount which Germany is able to pay must be determined by a fair and just process. The implication is obvious. In so far as the Allies have not used a fair and just process in determining the amount, they cannot count on American support.

At the head of the American State Department is an ex-Justice of the Supreme Court who is familiar with the methods which as the result of centuries of experience civilized men have come to use in order to reach a fair and just determination of facts. Were any such methods used by the French and British governments in deciding the number of gold marks that Germany must pay in order to escape invasion? If so, there was no evidence of it in the cabled reports. Justice and fairness in the determination of disputed facts demand the patient hearing of both sides, the careful collection and sifting of evidence and the issue of the verdict by a tribunal with at least some pretense to impartiality. They demand particularly that, when the judge proposes to inflict severe penalties upon the accused for failure to live up to his obligations, the precautions which are taken to determine his ability to pay should be unusually comprehensive and exacting. Neither in Paris nor in London, where the amount of the bill against Germany was determined and the sanctions finally enforced, was there any attempt to honor these commonplaces of justice.

Practically all the fundamental elements in the calculation of how much Germany can pay are challenged and call for exhaustive investigation and impartial determination. Lloyd George, for instance, alleges that Germany is much more lightly taxed than France and Great Britain, that her huge deficit and her ostensible inability to pay are the result of this insufficient taxation. Dr. Simons denies the assertion and retorts by quoting from an official publication of the British government to the effect that the government is now taking in taxation forty-three per cent of the income of the German people. How can anybody decide what Germany's ability to pay is until he can find out by an elaborate inquiry which of these conflicting estimates is correct. According to the Reparations Commission the value of the property which Germany has already delivered on the reparations account is approximately $1,600,000,000. According to the German government, it has already turned over property to the value of the whole $5,000,000,000 which is due under the Treaty before May 1st. These disputed figures profoundly affect the merits of the whole controversy. The German estimates may be wrong and those of France and England right, but in that case why not submit the determination of the facts to an impartial tribunal? The Germans ask for such a tribunal and the Allies refuse it. The latter are enforcing the most drastic penalties against Germany in the name of justice and they are doing it in the most summary manner

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and without adopting any of those precautions against partiality and error which the most elementary processes of justice demand.

The attitude of the administration will not in the end vindicate the diplomacy of M. Viviani. The American government will lend moral support to France and England in so far as their policy is dictated by genuine grievances. It has informed the Germans they are responsible for the calamities of the war and must pay to the limit of their ability for the damage they have wrought. But it has not and will not accept the verdict of Paris as a fair determination of the amount which the Germans are able to pay, and that is the essential point. For the vital issue at present is not a difference of opinion about the fact of German liability. The question is how much is the German liability and how shall the amount be determined. France and England are settling this question not by a just process but by the invasion of Germany. They are seizing territory in order to enforce the collection of an arbitrary amount which was determined chiefly by political considerations. That, we feel sure, is not a method which an American government does approve. The statement of the administration on April 1st is quite compatible with mediation in the new war for the purpose of arranging a fair and just determination of Germany's ability to pay. The note to Germany prepares the way for something in the nature of mediation. The New York newspaper which comes nearer than any other to being the mouthpiece of the administration places an interpretation upon its policy which squints in this direction. "It is not improbable," says the Herald, "that the deadlock in Europe may result in the United States becoming for all practical purposes the arbiter in the dispute." "The arbiter" mark you, not the aid and comforter of either party.

Massachusetts Takes the Lead

IN these days the competition in granting labor injunctions might almost be termed "cut-throat," but, temporarily at least, the honors appear to lie with the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. Its opportunity arose in a suit brought by the United Shoe Machinery Corporation against a local union of machinists. The company, it appears, had started a campaign to secure individual contracts of employment with the 6,000 employees in its Beverly plant, a considerable number of whom were members of the machinists union. These contracts provided that the company would employ (when there was employment) and that the man would work at "the prevailing piece rates" and "for the company's regular working hours." They were automatically renewable for another year in the absence of notice. In urging these contracts upon the men the company made vague promises that to signers would come advantages over non-signers, especially a preferred position when "work became slack." By March, 1920, 2,150 employees had signed. The Master to whom the case was referred found that the company's purpose was first, to secure a less changing force of workmen and, secondly, "that the influence of the union might be weakened, and the power of the strike impaired."

The union at once protested. Its national president, Mr. Johnston, had an interview with the company in which he urged abandonment of the individual contract and proposed in its place various plans for a stable industrial agreement,—finally the establishment of a shop committee system. He left the interview to perfect this idea, under the impression that the company had agreed to suspend temporarily its campaign for individual contracts. But the solicitation went forward and on March 5, 1920, the men struck.

The Master found that the only disagreement was over the demand for the withdrawal of the individual contract so far as it affected machinists, whether members of the union or not. "I do not find that the union ever demanded that the company should violate any of the individual contracts already signed, nor can I find satisfactory evidence that the union has tried to induce those who have signed such contracts to break them." He also found that the union conducted the strike in an entirely legal manner without violence, threats or disorderly demonstrations of any sort.

At a preliminary hearing before a single justice the defendants were enjoined from any efforts toward compelling the company "to cease signing contracts with individual employees" or from continuing "in any manner" the strike against the company. This decree came for review before the full bench.

The opinion of the Massachusetts court is an astounding combination of bad law and frank partisanship. Since the company, it says, could lawfully make individual contracts, "this right" was not cut down because its purpose was in part or wholly to destroy the union. If the union men did not like the contract they could "retire at will from the company's service." But they were not content to do this; instead, they tried to make the company give up its "right" to enter into collective contracts. To do this they organized a strike of the Salem local "which should so cripple the industrial powers of the company as to compel it

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to abandon its policy of selecting and hiring employees whenever and wherever it pleased." Collective bargaining, the object of the strike, could only produce in the opinion of the court "discontented employees hired in the mass, and controlled at all times in their contractual relations by the union of which they were members." Against this calamity the company asked its protection. The court gave it generously. The purpose of the strike was unlawful, it declared, for it not only interfered with the company's right to contract as it pleased, but it was an attempt to force upon it a collective contract. And "whatever may be the advantage of collective bargaining (and the court had given its opinion about that) it is not bargaining at all in any just sense, unless it is voluntary on both sides."

The United Shoe Machinery Corporation which was insisting here upon bargaining individually with each workman,—his need to keep himself and his family against its need for his particular labor rather than the next man's,—has an issued capital stock of $46,000,000. Its surplus is $27,670,615. During 1920, the year of this controversy, it distributed in dividends $5,446,471. It controls over 95 per cent of the machinery used in producing our annual output of 300,000,000 pairs of shoes. In 1918 it escaped the criminal punishment of the anti-trust laws by a four to three vote of the Supreme Court of the United States; and it is now before that court charged with practices criminal under the Clayton act. It was to save themselves from the hug of this bear that the machinists struck.

But, said the court, your strike is unlawful, for the company has an absolute right to contract as it pleases and you cannot "coerce" it to contract as *you* please. Now the Massachusetts court knows perfectly well when it is not deciding labor cases that there is no such thing as a right to contract. It just doesn't exist. There is merely a power or liberty to contract if one can, a liberty to pursue one's interest in a world full of people who are doing the same. No one knows this better than the Massachusetts court and no one has stated it more clearly. In Beekman v. Marsters (195 Mass. 205, 212) it said:

> Where the plaintiff comes into court to get protection from interference with his right of possible contracts, that is, of his right to pursue his business, acts of interference are justified when done by a defendant for the purpose of furthering his (the defendant's) interests as a competitor.

And in calmer days the court could even apply this principle to a labor case. In Pickett v. Walsh (192 Mass. 572) a union of stone masons went on strike to force their employer to give them the work which he had been giving to stone pointers. Everybody's right to contract was interfered with. But the court held that it was merely the struggle for survival and that each party was seeking its own proper interest. It refused to prefer one to another.

The situation is just the same in this case. The company is seeking the great advantage of getting each man by himself and driving a bargain with him. To be sure Mr. Taft's War Labor Board thought that this was a vicious practice and "even if such contracts were legal when made [they are] contrary to the principles of the National War Labor Board and should be discontinued for the period of the war." But the war is over, and the law sanctions them. However, it is equally legitimate for the union to try to drive a collective bargain with the company. This, too, has been sanctioned by law. (Section 14 of the Kansas Industrial Court act.) So we have the company wanting one thing and the men another, both legitimate, only one of which can prevail. Whichever side gives in is bound to be compelled by necessity or expediency of some sort. So when the court tells us that the object of the men is illegal because the collective bargain would not be a voluntary bargain by the company it is merely talking. It is doing worse than that, for it says in the same breath that the individual bargains are perfectly fair and voluntary because the men were "at liberty to retire at will from the company's service."

But the court is not always as naïve as this about the glorious freedom of "retiring" from one's job. When labor has some control over the giving of jobs the court is a realist of the realists. In Willcutt v. Driscoll (200 Mass. 110) a union was fining members who worked for the employer plaintiff. The union claimed that this was not coercion because the men had the free choice of paying the fines or "retiring" from the union. The court granted the injunction. It asked:

> Is it too much to say that many times it is very difficult, indeed practically impossible, for a workman to get bread for himself and his family by working at his trade unless he is a member of a union? . . . Such is not a free choice.

The court can see the compulsion here. It sees compulsion when the Salem local bargains collectively with a forty-six million dollar corporation, —compulsion "which should cripple the industrial powers of the company." But it sees only fairness and equity when the company offers Bill Jones the choice of work at its own terms (unstated) and for its own hours (unstated) or a chance to tramp the streets of Beverly. This is not the administration of justice; it is the old game of the wolf and the sheep sanctified from the bench.

When the court says that an employer has a right

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to contract as he pleases it means just that. He may do what he pleases so far as any opposition from his workmen is concerned. This decision enacts the English statute of 1825 which protected "a master" against any "obstruction" for the purpose of forcing him "to alter his mode of business." Lord Bramwell said that the law made criminal any forcing of "a man's liberty of mind in disposing of his capital or labor as he saw fit by something unpleasant to the mind operated upon." (Regina v. Druitt, 10 Cox. 601). There can be no unpleasantness by labor in Massachusetts.

From now on the desire to contract puts all an employer's operations in Massachusetts under the Red Cross flag. If he wants individual contracts, including renunciation of union membership, labor may not organize opposition. Such a contract is enforceable. (But the union-shop contract may be in restraint of trade. Curran v. Galen, 152 N. Y. 33; Connors v. Connolly, 86 Conn. 641.) If an employee should object to this form of contract and be discharged for not signing it, the union cannot strike to have him reinstated; the court holds the employer's right to fire as violable and absolute as his right to hire. (Mechanics Foundry & Machine Co. v. Lynch, 128 N. E. 877). And once these individual restrictive contracts are signed all union agitation among the employees must cease; —the court will stop it, for it is soliciting an unlawful breach of contract. (Hitchman Coal Co. v. Mitchell, 245 U. S. 229)

But, one may say, if labor does not like the law it is free to seek its alteration. Let it go to the polls in true American fashion. It has tried that. The federal government and fourteen states passed legislation making it unlawful to discharge a man because of his union affiliation or to exact from him a promise to renounce unionism. But the Supreme Court of the United States has declared the laws void. The right to discriminate against union men, it said, was guaranteed by the fundamental articles of the American Union.

And so the courts have blocked labor off from one avenue to relief after another. In the name of freedom of contract they have made industrial conditions which were the near product of serfdom a part of our constitutional system. Political agitation is useless. Orderly and disciplined economic protest is impossible. Government for the mass of the people has become government by the industrial boss. He fixes every detail of their lives, whether they shall live when they are born, when they shall go to work, for what hours, what they shall eat and wear, how long they may keep going. He is the prime minister responsible only to his court. Under such conditions labor faces the most determined effort of two decades to destroy the organized labor movement. It faces the attack dazed, without weapons, without hope of justice, without resources. By the time this period ends it may well echo Wolsey's words

> An old man, broken with the storms of state,
> Is come to lay his weary bones among ye.
> Give him a little earth for charity.

The Transportation Crisis

IN normal conditions, when matters move tolerably, if not well, every one who likes that sort of thing may properly harp on his own pet economic dogmas. He may assert the virtues of untrammelled private initiative until he is blue in the face; he may bring forward public ownership, state socialism, syndicalism, the Single Tax as the only possible solution of every economic problem in sight. But the war taught us that when a crisis supervenes there ought to be a truce in the dogmatic battle. Many of us believed that ships of war and cannon and munitions ought to be produced, when at all, on government account, in order that the motive of profit might not work underground for militarism and war. With war actually on we were glad to get these things under whatever conditions they might be produced. Many of us believed that imports and exports ought to be left to regulate themselves, yet we looked on with approbation while the government decreed in its wisdom that one thing could be imported and another not, even when the ways of its wisdom were so mysterious that bottoms were assigned to the import of silk from Japan and denied to the import of wheat from Australia.

War is the greatest generator of crises, but not the only one. A great economic interest, as for example, finance, which is intimately bound up with every important industrial process, may in consequence of a cumulative series of hardly perceptible mistakes or misfortunes, find itself tottering, to the profound embarrassment of the whole economic life of the country. We are today witnessing the effects upon British industry of the failure to reconcile the interests of labor and capital in coal mining. Are we not approaching a similar crisis in our transportation industry, or rather, are we not already experiencing the first consequences of crisis? There are many signs that we are.

It is generally admitted that the net returns on the national railway investment are inadequate. If this were true only of roads which are mismanaged, or whose capital still records the reckless financiering of the past, there would be nothing unusual in

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the situation. But many of the roads which stand high, and have always stood high among the best managed business enterprises in the country are not earning enough to cover their fixed charges and the modest dividends on their preference stock. Other roads that are as well managed as any ordinarily profitable manufacturing enterprise are actually in danger of falling into the hands of receivers. As for the weak roads, the less we reflect on their condition the more cheerful we shall be. If the railways were the private property of a small class of the very rich, the ordinary citizen might shrug his shoulders and talk about the normal processes of readjustment. But the fact is that railway securities are very widely diffused among persons of modest means, who invested in them in the faith that they offered safe, if moderate returns. All those investors suffered severely through the war because their incomes failed to increase with the general rise in prices. Prices remain above the pre-war level, and will not soon return to it. Those investors remain losers, in this respect, and must now contemplate besides, the prospect of dividends passed and interest doled out according to the discretion of the receivers. What is still more serious, all financial institutions of a fiduciary character, savings banks, trust companies, insurance companies, are heavy investors in railway securities. If the bottom were to fall out of the railway security market it would be difficult to ward off a severe financial crisis.

Current railway net earnings are inadequate to take proper care of the capital now invested in the railway industry. It goes without saying that they offer no inducement to new investment. So long as present conditions obtain there is no prospect that our national railway net will proceed toward completion, or even that existing lines will hardly be able to keep pace with the rate of deterioration. And yet the economic development of the nation demands improved transportation. At the end of ten years we shall have an additional twenty-five millions of population to feed and clothe and employ. In that decade we ought to improve our standard of living besides. All this implies an intensive development of our economic resources. But this in turn implies great improvements in transportation for which ten years of active work are not at all too much, and our transportation industry is at a standstill, if not going backward.

Among railway men the time honored specific for railway distress used to be raising rates. American ton-mile rates were the lowest in the world; did not that fact create a presumption that rates could be raised materially without discouraging industrial and agricultural production? But recent experience with the effects of higher rates is not encouraging. A vast deal of the production from which traffic is derived is premised upon low rates of transportation. Raise the rates and this production dies away. It is, of course, impossible to say how far the recent decline in traffic is due to the general industrial depression instead of to higher rates, just as it is impossible to say how much of the current depression is due to higher transportation rates. At all events, nobody is talking now of improving railway finance through raising rates to a still higher level. In that direction the road is blocked.

But cannot the net income be increased through cutting down the share of gross income that goes to labor? That is the favorite project of the spokesmen of railway capital today. The number of employees of the roads is still very much greater than it was before the war. Presumably there are at many points more workers than are absolutely required. Wages are still much higher than they were before the war. Presumably some reduction can be made, in the measure of the declining cost of living and wage reductions in general industry. But railway wages will not go back to the pre-war level, or anything like it, without a struggle that would shake American industry to its foundations. Moreover they ought not to go back to that level. Except for limited classes, the pre-war level of wages did not make possible a standard of living that could permanently hold in the transportation industry the quality of men requisite to safety and elasticity of operations. A penny-wise pound-foolish policy of handling labor has least of all a place in the transportation industry. And without the adoption of such a policy, we see no chance whatever of saving enough on labor to restore financial soundness to the railways.

But are there not other wastes that could be cut off? Undoubtedly there are many wastes, and serious ones, in management, wastes due to excessive prices paid for fuel, equipment and repairs. Tens of millions could doubtless be saved if managerial incompetence and inside grafting could be eliminated. But we have seen no evidence that would indicate that the railways are not at least as competently and honestly managed as any other important business. The most that could be saved in this direction would hardly carry us very far toward railway solvency.

Improvement in the management of the several railway companies does not, however, exhaust the possibilities of increased efficiency. We created our railway net on the basis of a false economic principle. We assumed that the same competitive forces

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which we relied on to produce order and efficiency in trade and manufacture would properly regulate the transportation industry. When one company thrust forward a line to divide a traffic hardly adequate for an existing line, we applauded. When the companies sought to make mutually beneficial arrangements for the distribution of traffic, we prosecuted them. For this blindness to the true principles of the industry we suffer now from a system of railways that physically embodies, not maximum service at minimum cost, but maximum competitive advantage. It might be supposed that we had learned our lesson, but we have not. If we are not so eager now to make the railways compete against one another, we are nevertheless all prepared for an internal waterways movement whose object shall be to provide a new competitive regulator of railway rates.

Is it not time that we made up our minds to a complete overhauling of our railway policy? What is needed is nothing less than a pooling of all facilities, regionally, if not nationally, a pooling which shall not be limited, as our wartime administration of the railways was limited, by the prospect of a later undoing of all the work done. Under such a scheme of pooling different lines could be definitely specialized to different kinds of traffic and special facilities for each kind of work provided. The collective interest of all the railways entering a given city could be employed in the solution of the terminal problem. Much valuable property now held solely for competitive advantage could be released for other uses, and, through the prices it would command, could be made to strengthen the finances of transportation proper.

But in order to effect such a unification of transport service it would be necessary to eliminate all the particular property rights of the several railway corporations and substitute common interests in the unified properties. That process might be consummated through the pressure of finance, with the authorization and encouragement of the government. Much progress toward unification by this method has already been made, with or without governmental approval. But the process is necessarily slow, with huge wastes in the way of material concessions on account of competitive position. And our present condition is one of crisis. We cannot afford to wait twenty years or fifty years until the problem settles itself.

Nor do we need to wait. Our wartime administration of the railways offered a precedent which would serve well as a basis for present action. Let the government take over the railways, retaining the existing personnel, and assuring the holders of railway securities the same returns that they might expect under private operations. Eventually all securities ought to be retired in exchange for a special government bond of equivalent market value. Then the work of physical unification could proceed without regard to the necessity of a future disentangling of interests.

But would not that mean plunging the country definitely into a venture in public ownership and operation for which our governmental system may not be prepared? Not necessarily. The foundations of physical unification would have been laid, but there would be nothing to prevent a government that distrusted itself and idealized private initiative from leasing the railways, as a national unit or as regional units to whatever private interests would undertake to run them efficiently. What would be precluded would be the perpetuation of old competitive wastes and the institution of new wastes of the same character. And further, there would be a clear way out of a condition like the present, where neither private nor public capital can be found to carry forward the improvement of the railway system, although the future need for transportation is apparent to every one, and although our national productive resources are running to waste through industrial shut downs and unemployment. Having taken over the railways the government could promptly raise billions for improvements, and at rates that would be incomparably more favorable than the private roads would ever enjoy in the next decade. Must we waste more time and sink deeper into industrial depression while we dogmatize on the pros and cons of private initiative, in a field where private initiative is now obviously paralyzed? That would hardly become a practical people, such as we boast ourselves to be.

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EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY ALVIN JOHNSON
FRANCIS HACKETT WALTER LIPPMANN
PHILIP LITTELL

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"Inciters to Violence"

THE inciter to violence has been with us a long time. He is becoming as familiar as the innocent bystander and the captain of industry. Usually set in an industrial scene, he is regarded as the product of the same forces that have given us the machine worker and the walking delegate. He is pictured as wearing workingmen's clothes, and is always identified by his union button. Large bodies of men hang upon his words, ready to be swayed to this extreme action or that by the suggestions that come from him. Strikes, assaults and vandalism spring up in his wake. He is an "agitator" and makes headway by "appealing to the prejudices of the ignorant." Frequently, too, he is "imported." This means that instead of investing his capital of oratory and class consciousness in the neighborhood where he was born, he has dared to cross state lines and even national boundaries (sin of all sins!) and turn his hand to the exploitation of his trade among those whom he does not know.

I want to picture, however, an inciter to violence of another kind. This person does not wear workingmen's clothes, nor would he be seen with a union button. He rides in Pullman coaches, where he may be heard discussing the *other* kind. He has no use for union agitators, none even for a union. He does not believe that men who receive wages have any right of collective bargaining that he is bound to respect. He believes in and is prepared to uphold the right of every man to work under any conditions that he chooses to work under, which is to say under any conditions that *he* wishes to impose. His incitement to violence differs from that of the other man. He incites by reaction, not by direct influence. The subjects of his stimulation are not the persons to whom he may be talking; they are never members of his own group. They are the persons whom he would like, above all things, to keep quiet and peaceful. He incites by the very means that he uses to quell and subdue. He would not recognize the term "agitator" applied to himself, yet he is an agitator with a technique all his own, an agitator by indirection. He produces results that he has no idea he is producing. And all this he does by what, to him, seem the most excellent uses of the machinery that law and industry place in his hands.

I have recently spent six weeks in the coal fields of West Virginia, where a violent industrial conflict is going on. This conflict is over unionism. Many owners and managers of coal mines are opposing the efforts of the United Mine Workers of America to extend its organization in that state. The battle is not new; it has been waged, in one degree of acuteness or another, for over twenty years. Strikes have paralyzed industry; miners have been discharged for joining the union; families with their household goods have been thrown into the street because men desired to bargain collectively. Bloody battles have broken out at times between miners and armed guards brought in by operators to help carry on their fight. A trial of nineteen people for murder was recently held at Williamson, Mingo county, because agents of the Baldwin-Felts Detective Agency evicted several families at the camp of the Stone Mountain Coal Corporation and a shooting affray followed in which ten people were killed.

There are inciters to violence of the first kind in West Virginia. Far be it from me to suggest that provocation is always on one side. But these people do not need describing. They are familiar enough to any reader of the daily press.

The inciter to violence in whom I am interested is the one who, for example, sits in his office and draws up anti-union contracts. He knows the value of a contract. He knows that if he can get his men to agree to have nothing to do with a union so long as they remain in his employment, to renounce their rights to join an association of their fellows, the courts will sustain the sacredness of this obligation. So he induces them to sign such documents as this:

> That so long as the relation of employer and employee exists between them, the employer will not knowingly employ, or keep in its employment, any member of the United Mine Workers of America, the I. W. W. or any other mine labor organization, and the employee will not join or belong to any such union or organization, and *will not aid, encourage or approve the organization thereof* (italics mine), it being understood that the policy of said company is to operate a non-union mine, and that it would not enter into any contract of employment under any other conditions; and if and when said relation of employer and employee, at any time and under any circumstances, terminates, the employee agrees that he will not then or thereafter, in any manner molest, annoy or interfere with the business, customers or employees of the employer, and will not aid or encourage anyone else in so doing.

This is the contract now in use by nearly all of the coal operators in the Pocahontas field in West

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Virginia. Mr. W. E. E. Koepler, secretary of the Pocahontas Operators' Association, who helped to draft it and had much to do with what he described as "the campaign to put it over," told me that eighty-six per cent of the men employed in that field last December had signed this contract. That was six months after it had first been drawn up.

But the inciter to violence does not rest with using such contracts as this. He is afraid that agents of the union may still persuade his men in some way to become members of their nefarious organization. So he seeks an injunction. He tries to have the union restrained from making any attempt to induce his men to "break their contracts of service." And he succeeds. Thirty-two coal companies in McDowell county and fourteen in Mercer have recently secured injunctions doing exactly this from judges of the state Supreme Court of Appeals. By these injunctions all organizers of the union whose names the companies could secure, together with their "agents, employees, servants and attorneys," are enjoined

> from compelling or inducing, or attempting to compel or induce by violence, threats, intimidation, abusive or violent language or *persuasion,* the employees of the plaintiffs, or either of them, to break their contracts of service with the plaintiffs; and from in any wise interfering with the employees of the plaintiffs, or either of them, in the full performance of their contracts, etc.

Thus is the incitement completed. Representatives of the union find that they may not speak to the miners in Mercer and McDowell counties about the advantages of collective bargaining; they may not enter those counties with the message of unionism on their lips. The miner finds, in his turn, that he may not be addressed by anyone connected with the union. That all of this is approved by judges of the highest court in the state detracts little from its inciting quality. Indeed, that august sanction may only strengthen the conviction that all avenues are closed to the miner save only the one passing through incitement.

Another means of indirect incitement is the control of public officials. I use "control" in a fairly exact sense, for there are few stronger bonds of control, in practice, than the payment of cash. And the operators of Logan county actually pay the salaries of the deputy sheriffs of that county. They do this, to be sure, in order to secure adequate police protection. Logan county has four hundred square miles and upwards of 60,000 people, and its public revenues supply only half a dozen peace officers. So the operators provide others. The treasurer of the Logan County Operators' Association, Mr. C. W. Jones, turns over to the Sheriff of Logan County $32,700 a year to be used in paying the salaries of twenty-five deputy sheriffs. These deputies are public officials. They are appointed by the county court and give bond as required by law. Yet they are paid out of the private funds of the operators; an assessment approximating one-third of a cent a ton is laid upon all coal produced in order to pay them.

The deputies perform various services for the coal companies. They collect rents, protect pay rolls from the office to the mine and do other things. Incidentally, they help to keep the county free of unionism. They have clubbed miners who joined the union and have run union organizers out of the county. A commission appointed by Governor Cornwell to investigate conditions in Logan county took ample testimony substantiating these facts. The commission condemned the arrangement. Everybody knows that it exists. Yet nobody takes any steps to stop it.

Then there is incitement by speech. This has always been regarded as the exclusive prerogative of the labor agitator. But the operator in West Virginia frequently proves himself an adept at it. Here, again, he does not intend the result produced. There is nothing inflammatory in his purpose. His words are not addressed to persons whom he is seeking to arouse. When he calls a representative of the union an "anarchist, I. W. W. and Bolshevist" he does not hope to stir that man to action; he is merely characterizing him, warning others to let him alone. He speaks of organizers as "red necks" and miners born within the state as "hill billies" with only descriptive purposes in view. Members of local union committees he calls "politicians, often crooks, thieves and a great many murderers"—as one operator recently referred to them—with no thought that anyone will feel resentment at such words. Said an operator not long ago, under oath:

"Now, these unions are not controlled by substantial, law-abiding, God-fearing men. They are men who are against this government, against American principles, against schools, against churches, against everything that this country stands for. When they come in, do they come in through schools and through the churches? No! They come in armed with rifles, armed with pistols and knives; they come in to intimidate the people."

Such are the words of an inciter to violence. That they incite indirectly, and that the men who use them do not know how intimately they are playing with fire, affords little relief to the public when the conflagration comes.

WINTHROP D. LANE.

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The Consortium in China

IF anyone wants a picture in miniature of the difficulties in the way of a concert of nations or of any kind of cooperative international relations, the Consortium to finance China will satisfy him up to the hilt. No one, prior to experience of it, could have believed that so many contradictory accounts of simple matters could get into circulation or so many cross-currents get into motion. No matter from what angle it is approached—and as time goes by it seems to be nothing but angles—there are opposite statements and opposite fears. Every day, for example, the American group in general and Mr. Lamont and Mr. Stevens in particular, are attacked by hostile interests in China, Chinese and foreign, for maintaining secrecy about its terms. Yet seemingly authentic reports state that the American group, backed by the American State Department, has pressed, from the day when the agreement was signed, for full publicity. This demand was checked first by the Japanese and then by the British. It was lately announced that the American demand had been sufficiently successful so that all the documents had been communicated to the Chinese government and made public. So they subsequently were.

"As might have been expected the terms of the agreement are so technical that its publication, while it blocks one source of hostile criticism, throws no great light upon the aims and methods of the Consortium." For of course the terms form an agreement of the banking groups among themselves, not an agreement to which the Chinese government is a party. Only when—if ever—some actual agreement is made with the latter will there be adequate data for judgment.

Meantime a statement of the cross-currents will be amusing if not enlightening. Reputable Japanese statesmen, as soon as the agreement was signed, stated that the Manchurian claims of Japan had been recognized by the other nations in the Consortium and her interests there safeguarded. Kokusai, the official Japanese news agency, gave to the press in both Japan and China a speech purporting to be by the leading Japanese banking partner, the President of the Yokohama Specie Bank, which gave a definite and almost circumstantial statement of the reservations secured by Japan. Weeks afterwards, the President of the bank completely repudiated the alleged speech. Kokusai never circulated the repudiation, and no explanation of the discrepancy has ever been made public. Meantime Mr. Lamont for the American group and Sir Charles Addis for the British have explicitly denied the report of assent to Japanese reservations, and have praised the wisdom of Japanese statesmen in yielding. The latter are chary in accepting the praise. Hara, the prime minister, and Uchida, the foreign minister, have both lately repeated, although in more guarded terms, the story of due satisfaction afforded Japan in respect to Manchuria.

Meantime the Consortium is attacked in Japan as a piece of American capitalistic imperialism to circumvent legitimate Japanese aspirations in Asia, and in China it is denounced as a surrender by the United States to Japan. Why, it is asked, did the United States consent to Japan's becoming a partner at all? Why did she not insist upon excluding Japan wholly? If she did admit Japan, why does she allow Japan to retain her railway rights in Manchuria while also permitting, by means of Consortium loans, the introduction of Japanese money into the interior, where so far Japanese money has not gone?—the reference being to the proposed railway into Szechuan. Thus the same scheme is both a check-mate to further Japanese conquest of China by means of railways and banks, and a means for extending Japanese influence in China with the complicity of the three other signatory Powers. The humor of the popular Chinese attitude of opposition is increased by the fact that the present Japanese hold upon China was secured by Chinese governmental acceptance of loans made by Japan individually, a kind of loan that would become impossible under the Consortium. The weighing of alternatives is not as yet a Chinese political habit.

While some American liberals are denouncing the Consortium as financial imperialism, committing the United States to embark upon a career of foreign financial exploitation, it is attacked in China by business interests, including some American ones, as another piece of Wilsonian idealism, a Utopian scheme to save China from being any longer the happy-hunting ground of international concessionaires. For in pledging the banks which enter the Consortium to make loans only through the international combination, and virtually pledging the American government to give its moral and political support only to this group, it restricts what is euphemistically termed (in China as elsewhere) free competition and private enterprise. In other

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words, there are some American business interests which have become aware of the willingness of Chinese officials to give away their nation's assets in return for loans with which to line their own pockets, and who, accordingly, find any scheme idealistic and impracticable which would limit their predatory activities. It is fair to add that their opposition seems to be somewhat "accelerated" by support from Chinese officialdom.

Another humor of the situation is that while Chinese officialdom is practically a unit in opposing the Consortium, the press is reporting meetings and processions of Chinese in America opposing the Consortium, on the ground that it is going to make loans to the Chinese government which will be used for political purposes. And this attitude of the Chinese in America, while accentuated by the fact that they are mostly Cantonese and southern sympathizers, reflects the popular attitude in China. The opposition of the officials to the Consortium is easily understood. It has been stated over and over again—and by Mr. Stevens, the representative in China of the American banking group,—that no loans would be made for administrative or political purposes but only for constructive purposes, such as building railways. It has also been made clear that all such loans will be carefully supervised and audited to see that they actually go for the purposes designated. The opposition of the Chinese people is accounted for by the fact that their fear and suspicion of their own government officials is second only to their fear and suspicion of Japan.

In passing, it may be remarked that it would have had a happy psychological effect if the Consortium had been called by some other name. For the term Consortium is associated in the Chinese mind with the Consortium which made the so-called Reorganization Loan which was the means of consolidating the power of Yuan Shi Kai. That the United States government refused to permit American bankers to become partners in that Consortium, while it has taken the lead in forming a new one, is of little moment in comparison with the dreaded name, Consortium. Even the more thoughtful Chinese believe in the good intentions of America rather than in her wisdom and skill and freely anticipate that, when it comes to doing business, the other national partners, with their greater experience and their greater political stakes, will put it all over American plans.

Illumination upon the political-financial situation came when the subject of exclusion of Chinese bankers from membership in the Consortium was under discussion. In conversation with representative Chinese I expressed, in common with other Americans, regret for the failure to include native banks. The reply was most enlightening. Liberal Chinese said that such inclusion would be the finishing touch to confirm their fears. For the banking group which would be most naturally included were the "political bankers." Chinese officials long ago learned the way of making one hand wash the other. Money extracted from the government was used to found banks, which then made loans to the government at exorbitant rates, and so on around the circle. In addition, these banks naturally exercised great influence in support of the government. They brought about an alliance between powerful financial influences and the corrupt and semi-militaristic officialdom which is the political curse of China. The rates at which foreign loans are made to the Chinese government often seem unjust. Eight and ten per cent interest with ten to fifteen per cent discount on the face of the loan, hardly seems equitable. But these rates pale by the side of those of domestic loans, where twenty to thirty per cent interest is not uncommon. If, the Chinese liberals added, there was any likelihood that the bankers, known indifferently as the Shanghai or industrial bankers, were to be included, the case would be quite different, but of that there seemed no likelihood in the present condition of affairs.

Space remains for one more touch to the picture. While the opponents of the Consortium have represented it as most anxious to make loans, almost to force loans upon China, its American representatives, ever since Mr. Lamont visited the country, have disclaimed any great desire to do so. They have said that they would await specific proposals from the Chinese government; they have asserted that if China could finance herself, and never call upon the Consortium for funds, the American bankers would be more than satisfied. These statements have been received with incredulity. They have been the occasion of much sarcasm about the unusual and suddenly displayed philanthropy of bankers. Some newspapers supposed to represent American interests in China have been foremost in these ironical expressions. The statements of American representatives of the Consortium that there was plenty of demand for surplus capital at home, that investments in China at the present time were not particularly attractive, that the banks had no funds of their own to put permanently into China but would have to pass on their investments to the general public, that the American bankers were mainly animated by a desire to get China on its feet industrially as a customer and to put an end to the partition of China through special concessions to special nations, have been received in apathetic silence when they were not met with open derision.

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So far, I have confined myself to reporting the way in which the Consortium has been received. I now venture to express my own opinion. I am credulous enough to take these statements at their face value. In fact I believe they give the key to the situation. The Consortium was not initiated by American bankers. It is matter of record that the first move came while the war was still on, from the State Department under Mr. Lansing—who is presumably familiar with the Chinese policy of John Hay and interested in its becoming an actuality, instead of, as is largely the case, a scrap of paper. In short, as far as the American government's side is concerned, the move is political rather than financial. And the politics involved are not imperialistic but are in behalf of the principle which comes so readily to the lips of all diplomats of all nations: the maintenance of the Open Door and the preservation of the territorial integrity of China. It is evident that the chief opposition to this policy lies in separate nationalistic loans made for "administrative purposes" and leading to concessions which partition China. The fact that Japan, Great Britain, France and England were allies in the war, that Germany and Russia were automatically out of it, gave an opportunity for making the professed policy a reality instead of a pious phrase. Mr. Lansing grasped the opportunity.

In short, the Consortium policy exists between two stools, the political and the financial. It is subject to all the dangers which attend such a position. This fact is well known to Japanese, French and British political and financial interests, even if it is ignored by Chinese sentiment and by American public opinion. The United States is thus playing a lone hand in what is ironically called a Consortium. Its policy meets with active, though generally secret, opposition from the officials of the nation it is intended to benefit and with apathy and suspicion from the people. It is not likely that either France or Great Britain will be able to supply their portion of any loans made by the Consortium. Their share will have to come from the American investor. The American investor has no concealed political ambitions to compensate for unwillingness to make investments that are more or less risky from a strictly economic standpoint. The term of the Consortium is five years. If its operations can be stalled for five years, France and Great Britain will perhaps be in a condition to resume business on their own account.

Meantime our late "associate," Great Britain, is anything but anxious to see American prestige and influence increased in the Far East. If her dislike is not so openly proclaimed to the four heavens as that of Japan, it does not follow that her opposition is less efficacious.

Incidentally, there are some signs that a drive will be made upon the new administration, partly from sources professing to speak for the interests of China but really speaking for its officials, and partly from some other nations in the Consortium, to make it modify its terms as part of what will be called a "permanent settlement" of the problem of the Pacific. The renewal of the British-Japanese Alliance promises to be an accomplished fact. Japan has the right to expect something from her ally. If a political, or reorganization, or administrative loan could be arranged, active Chinese opposition would melt away; the people would still be opposed and would cherish resentment against America, but they would doubtless acquiesce as they acquiesce in so many things which they hate. Such a loan could be presented to the American public as a wise and kind concession to Chinese needs, and an improvement upon the hard terms of the present Consortium policy. Incidentally, problems of Manchuria, Shantung and Siberia would come up for discussion, and a plea be made for a magnanimous recognition, in the interests of peace, of Japan's need for economic expansion.

It will be gathered from what has been said that the prospects for the Consortium are not bright. Its apparent failure, however, may mark a real success, provided the present policy remains unmodified. If a blockade or embargo can be established for even five years upon predatory foreign loans to China, the Consortium meantime doing nothing, a precedent may be established which will make such loans difficult, if not impossible, in the future. The effect may be to throw China back upon her own resources. The best thing that could happen to China would be for her to be put on a starvation diet for a while and to have to face her own problems with her own capacities. A few weeks ago, a native banking group not composed of political banks made a loan for the purchase of railway rolling stock. It was accompanied by conditions of supervision of expenditures more drastic than a foreign group could exact. It was also accompanied by an open threat of political action against the government if the funds loaned were not used honestly. It is perhaps too much to say that the loan could never have taken this form if the Consortium were not the only alternative in sight. But the existence of the Consortium certainly facilitated the creation of an honest domestic loan. It is an indication of the way the Consortium may succeed even if it fails,—fails, that is, to make a loan.

JOHN DEWEY.

Peking.

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The Accession of Victoria

[This is the third of a series of eleven instalments of Lytton Strachey's Life of Queen Victoria which are now appearing in The New Republic.]

ON June 18th the King was visibly sinking. The Archbishop of Canterbury was by his side, with all the comforts of the church. Nor did the holy words fall upon a rebellious spirit; for many years his Majesty had been a devout believer. "When I was a young man," he once explained at a public banquet, "as well as I can remember, I believed in nothing but pleasure and folly—nothing at all. But when I went to sea, got into a gale, and saw the wonders of the mighty deep, then I believed; and I have been a sincere Christian ever since." It was the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, and the dying man remembered it. He should be glad to live, he said, over that day; he would never see another sunset. "I hope your Majesty may live to see many," said Dr. Chambers. "Oh! that's quite another thing, that's quite another thing," was the answer. One other sunset he did live to see; and he died in the early hours of the following morning. It was the twentieth of June, 1837.

When all was over, the Archbishop and the Lord Chamberlain ordered a carriage, and drove post-haste from Windsor to Kensington. They arrived at the Palace at five o'clock, and it was only with considerable difficulty that they gained admittance. At six the Duchess woke up her daughter, and told her that the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham were there, and wished to see her. She got out of bed, put on her dressing-gown, and went, alone, into the room where the messengers were standing. Lord Conyngham fell on his knees, and officially announced the death of the king; the Archbishop added some personal details. Looking at the bending, murmuring dignitaries before her, she knew that she was Queen of England. "Since it has pleased Providence," she wrote that day in her Journal, "to place me in this station, I shall do my utmost to fulfill my duty towards my country; I am very young, and perhaps in many, though not in all things, inexperienced, but I am sure, that very few have more real good will and more real desire to do what is fit and right than I have." But there was scant time for resolutions and reflections. At once, affairs were thick upon her. Stockmar* came to breakfast, and gave some good advice. She wrote a letter to her Uncle Leopold, and a hurried note to her sister Feodora. A letter came from the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, announcing his approaching arrival. He came at nine, in full court dress, and kissed her hand. She saw him alone, and repeated to him the lesson which, no doubt, the faithful Stockmar had taught her at breakfast. "It has long been my intention to retain your Lordship and the rest of the present Ministry at the head of affairs"; whereupon Lord Melbourne again kissed her hand and shortly after left her. She then wrote a letter of condolence to Queen Adelaide. At eleven, Lord Melbourne came again; and at half past eleven she went downstairs into the red saloon, to hold her first Council. The great assembly of lords and notables, bishops, generals, and Ministers of State, saw the doors thrown open and a very short, very slim girl in deep plain mourning come into the room alone and move forward to her seat with extraordinary dignity and grace; they saw a countenance, not beautiful, but prepossessing—fair hair, blue prominent eyes, a small curved nose, an open mouth revealing the upper teeth, a tiny chin, a clear complexion, and over all, the strangely mingled signs of innocence, of gravity, of youth, and of composure; they heard a high unwavering voice reading aloud with perfect clarity and then, the ceremony over, they saw the small figure rise and, with the same consummate grace, the same amazing dignity, pass out from among them as she had come in, alone.

. . .

The new Queen was almost entirely unknown to her subjects. In her public appearances, her mother had invariably dominated the scene. Her private life had been that of a novice in a convent; hardly a human being from the outside world had ever spoken to her; and no human being at all, except her mother and the Baroness Lehzen, had ever been alone with her in a room. Thus it was not only the public at large that was in ignorance of everything concerning her; the inner circles of statesmen and officials and high-born ladies were equally in the dark. When she suddenly emerged from this deep obscurity, the impression that she created was immediate and profound. Her bearing at her first Council filled the whole gathering with astonishment and admiration; the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, even the savage

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* Christian Friedrich Stockmar of Coburg had been the personal physician and trusted friend of Victoria's uncle, King Leopold of Belgium. When Leopold learned of the approaching death of King William, "determined that the Princess should not lack personal guidance," he sent her Stockmar.

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Croker, even the cold and caustic Greville—were all completely carried away. Everything that was reported of her subsequent proceedings seemed to be of no less happy augury. Her perceptions were quick, her decisions were sensible, her language was discreet; she performed her royal duties with extraordinary facility. Among the outside public, there was a great wave of enthusiasm. Sentiment and romance were coming into fashion; and the spectacle of the little girl-queen, innocent, modest, with fair hair and pink cheeks, driving through her capital, filled the hearts of the beholders with raptures of affectionate loyalty. What, above all, struck everybody with overwhelming force was the contrast between Queen Victoria and her uncles. The nasty old men, debauched and selfish, pig-headed and ridiculous, with their perpetual burden of debts, confusions and disreputabilities—they had vanished like the snows of winter, and here at last, crowned and radiant, was the Spring. Lord John Russell, in an elaborate oration, gave voice to the general sentiment. He hoped that Victoria might prove an Elizabeth without her tyranny, an Anne without her weakness. He asked England to pray that the illustrious Princess who had just ascended the throne with the purest intentions and the justest desires might see slavery abolished, crime diminished, and education improved. He trusted that her people would henceforward derive their strength, their conduct, and their loyalty from enlightened religious and moral principles, and that, so fortified, the reign of Victoria might prove celebrated to posterity and to all the nations of the earth.

Very soon, however, there were signs that the future might turn out to be not quite so simple and roseate as a delighted public dreamed. The "illustrious" Princess might perhaps, after all, have something within her which squared ill with the easy vision of a well-conducted heroine in an edifying story-book. The purest intentions and the justest desires? No doubt; but was that all? To those who watched closely, for instance, there might be something ominous in the curious contour of that little mouth. When, after her first Council, she crossed the ante-room and found her mother waiting for her, she said, "And now, Mamma, am I really and truly Queen?" "You see, my dear, that it is so." "Then, dear Mamma, I hope you will grant me the first request I make to you, as Queen. Let me be by myself for an hour." For an hour she remained in solitude. Then she reappeared, and gave a significant order: her bed was to be moved out of her mother's room. It was the doom of the Duchess of Kent. The long years of waiting were over at last; the moment of a life-time had come; her daughter was Queen of England, and that very moment brought her own annihilation. She found herself, absolutely and irretrievably, shut off from every vestige of influence, of confidence, of power. She was surrounded, indeed, by all the outward signs of respect and consideration, but that only made the inward truth of her position the more intolerable. Through the mingled formalities of court etiquette and filial duty, she could never penetrate to Victoria. She was unable to conceal her disappointment and her rage. "Il n'y a plus d'avenir pour moi"; she exclaimed to Madame de Lieven, "je ne suis plus rien." For eighteen years, she said, this child had been the sole object of her existence, of her thoughts, her hopes, and now—no! she would not be comforted, she had lost everything, she was to the last degree unhappy. Sailing, so gallantly and so pertinaciously, through the buffeting storms of life, the stately vessel, with sails still swelling and pennons flying, had put into the harbor at last; to find there nothing,—a land of bleak desolation.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

Specialists and Dilettanti*

SPECIALIZATION AND DILETTANTISM

IN the days of my early youth, thirty or thirty-five years ago, the word that had the greatest power over me in the field of study, a word that seemed to admonish and reprove me and often made me blush, was that of "specialization," as opposed to "dilettantism." "Specializing" was used to designate the honor of a scholar, and "dilettantism" the contrary, his dishonor. Specialists were scholars who devoted themselves to a definitely circumscribed material and a particular area of interests, passed their days in libraries and archives, and kept themselves au courant with the studies of others in the same field; men who looked only to the severe approval of critical journals of history or philology and to the consideration of experts and those "competent" to judge; men who disdained the praises of the ephemeral press, and looked with special abhorrence on the scribblers who treated every subject with equal superficiality, even when these popular writers possessed a real and lively charm. Of one scholar it would be said, "He knows

*The work of Benedetto Croce, the foremost Italian thinker of our time, now Minister of Education in the cabinet of Giolitti, is inadequately known in this country. This brief paper will at least dispel the wholly false conception of him as an advocate of impressionism in criticism and dilettantism in thought.—J. E. S.

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Venice in the eighteenth century thoroughly"; of another, "He is our greatest expert on fifteenth century Naples"; of a third, "He is studying Bernardino Baldi." And when the expert met the expert, reciprocally inexpert, what a festival! They tasted the pleasure of aristocrats in closed and aristocratic circles, and the courtesies and ceremonies which they exchanged fed their mutual esteem and admiration.

In myself the respect and almost sacred reverence for this kind of discipline was so strong and so persistent, that I remember when I interrupted my researches on Neapolitan history to perpetrate a little monograph of a philosophical character, I listened rather docilely, not without some perturbation, to the authoritative voices that recalled me to a field of studies "in which I was doing so well," and in the pursuit of which "I must not distract myself." And when I began to work in the field of Aesthetics and was asked by my specialist friends what I was doing, I hesitated to pronounce a word so much the reverse of serious, and replied that I was occupying myself with researches for a "History of Poetics", a word that seemed to me more appropriate to the ears of specialists. And when, in order to clarify certain philosophic and aesthetic problems, I turned to the subject of pure economics, I had to endure the caustic remarks of my specialist and expert friends, who rather benevolently—because they wished me well—ascribed to what they called my "Neapolitan extravagance" the perfectly futile hope of expecting to get anything out of sciences so diverse that they belonged to two different academic faculties, one of letters and the other of law.

THE NEGATIVE SENSE OF SPECIALIZATION AS A SYMBOL

And now? Have I perhaps lost the old respect for "specialization"? Am I reconciled to the popular and lively writers of the journals and lecture-platforms, to the improvizers and the dilettanti? Nothing of the sort. I am more "specialist" than ever, and more than ever abhor "dilettantism," which, wandering, as it often does, from the field of belles lettres to that of politics, has not infrequently been a source of grave danger even to the public weal. At the same time, "specialization" is a word which I conceive very differently now from the way I once understood it.

"Specialization" is to my mind a *symbol,* a symbol which commands us to concentrate our minds on the particular and the concrete, to study it from all sides, and to penetrate to the very bottom of it. All that man does is in reality specialized. To everyone there is assigned, according to his time, his place, and his natural disposition, a special field and a particular mission; and to this and no other he should devote his attention, leaving it to nature and to providence to assign to other men, in diverse circumstances, other missions, all of which, when seriously carried on, will find themselves more or less in harmony and give each other mutual help. The value of this symbol is merely polemical or controversial, and as such serves as a full and perfect force against dilettante dispersion of energy; and therefore to the young, now more than ever, it is necessary to recommend "specialization," and to make them ashamed of the facile charm and superficial popularity which most writers aim at nowadays, and which, in so far as it is a professed aim, ends only in defeat and impotence.

But if "specialization" is a symbol, and if its purpose as such is controversial and therefore negative, we must beware of converting it into a material thing and of giving it a positive content, making it consist merely of restricting one's self to a particular material. And this is the error of "specialization" in the form in which it was at one time understood. For the difficult specialization of the mind and of the soul, there was substituted an easy and merely apparent specialization, which consisted in dividing into little fragments the world of reality and history, and distributing a fragment to each one, with the recommendation to hold one's own fragment as tightly as possible and not to depart from it on any condition, or change it for another under any circumstances. Now, I do not say that this material narrowing is always and in every way useless. It is obvious that a man who works persistently on any fragment of reality, on something hard and unyielding, may on occasion discover some little fact that is not without interest. Even the doorkeepers in libraries and archives are often useful to those engaged in research, sometimes even more useful than librarians and scholars; but doorkeepers they remain, and doorkeepers do not make science.

The evidence that "specialization," understood in this material sense, is unscientific is confirmed by the fact that those specialists who feel most keenly the opposition to superficiality and dilettantism, very often end by becoming themselves superficial and dilettante. In fact, a specialist, since in his life and studies he is unable to remain completely bottled up in his little closet and is constrained to give judgments and conclusions which his specialty does not offer, and since he is obliged in order to give some conclusive form to his own specialty to place it in relation with the rest of life and the world, usually assumes a complete freedom in

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dealing with these other matters, and proceeds rashly and superficially, worse in fact than the worst dilettante. The practical effects of this inevitable consequence have been only too obvious during the war, for the stupidest political, historical and geographical misstatements were heard, as we all know, from professors of letters, philosophy, history, philology, obstetrics, and so on.

What is worse, the newspapers, and often the public, received them as "the opinion of the illustrious A or the distinguished B." Yes, illustrious and distinguished for having studied the variations in the Greek manuscripts of some author, or traced Dante's allusions to the Fathers of the Church, or reconstructed the series of Lombard princes of Capua, but not for having made their own heads either distinguished or illustrious with anything actual or profound. A friend of mine, who had just read with amazement a political article by one of these professors which was simply a tissue of rhetorical absurdities and wild assertions, asked me how it was possible that this distinguished man, who was known to have devoted half a lifetime to the study of five brief years in the life of Monsignor della Casa, had not taken the trouble to spend even a few days in informing himself better in regard to matters that concerned the fate of Italy itself. Or was it because Italy was worth less than five years in the life of Monsignor della Casa?

THE POSITIVE SENSE OF SPECIALIZATION

When we really wish to pass from the symbol to the thing symbolized, from the negative to the positive, and to determine the real content of "specialization," we find that all true specialism is at the same time universalism, because the single thing does not come into existence and cannot live except as part of a whole, and is in fact the manner by which the whole exists. To understand any particular subject, how is it possible to determine, extrinsically and in advance, all the things that must be taken into consideration and the investigations that must be pursued, since only the mind which goes on elaborating the argument knows its own necessities, which coincide with the necessities of the object itself. It is not possible to point out to anyone the exact course which he should follow in order to become an expert in this or that branch of knowledge, because the ways that seem the farthest may be for him, not only the shortest, but often the only ones that will conduct him to his goal.

It is not possible to judge the solidity and compactness of the work of a scholar from the outside, from the mere titles of his books, because there are men who have treated the most divergent fields of knowledge in a solid and unified way, while there are others who have never gone outside of the very narrowest circle and yet, despite the apparent unity of the completed work, are always volatile and divided brains which have never known how inwardly to dominate their material. Nor is it possible to judge infallibly even the errors and deflections of a book, unless one observes the function they fill in the development of the thought, because these errors and deflections may be experiments or experiences that will bear fruit in later discoveries, and therefore far more praiseworthy than the flawless works of those who labor mechanically and, following tradition and the impulses of others, never make mistakes. Yes, even the very singularities and idiosyncrasies of a work, however bizarre and frivolous they may seem, may be distractions (in the sense of levamina mentis), indispensable solaces to the thinker, of which the mechanical specialist does not feel the need, for why should one crave relaxation and repose if one has never been tired out by the hard effort of thought?

Do you really wish a brief definition of true specialization? It is this: the formation of *personality*. Foolish is he who believes that he possesses it by nature, and sports about and takes pleasure in a vacuous liveliness of style and treatment; but altogether too trusting, too simple is he who believes that he has developed it in himself because he has always attached himself tenaciously to a small material fragment of the world and of history. The work to be accomplished is very different, very much harder, but also in the long run more remunerative. BENEDETTO CROCE.

The Tortoise in Eternity

Within my house of patterned horn
I sleep in such a bed
As men may keep before they're born
And after they are dead.

Sticks and stones may break their bones,
And words may make them bleed:
There is not one of them who owns
An armour to his need.

Tougher than hide or lozenged bark,
Snow-storm and thunder proof,
And quick with sun and thick with dark
Is this my darling roof.

Their troubled dreams of death and birth
Pulse mother-o'-pearl to black:
I bear the rain-bow bubble Earth
Square on my scornful back.

ELINOR WYLIE.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Consortium in China

SIR: Please accept my thanks for permitting me to read in advance John Dewey's article on "The Consortium in China." I am interested to see that he treats the situation from such an excellent perspective. As Professor Dewey points out, there have been any number of misconceptions and unfounded rumors about the Consortium floating about China.

One misconception, to which Professor Dewey alludes, is as to the scope of the Consortium. Not only is it not calculated to restrict "free competition and private enterprise," but its scope is strictly confined to loans of a public character; that is, such as those that may be made to the Government of China or to Provinces in China for constructive purposes—all designed to stabilize the situation so as to make China a safer field than ever before for the benefit of private enterprise.

Further, as to possible cooperation of Chinese bankers in the Consortium, there has been nothing approaching "exclusion." At its organization meeting, held in New York last October, almost the first resolution adopted by the Consortium delegates was to welcome the cooperation of a Chinese banking group, properly constituted and of strength sufficient to render real assistance. When I was in China, the Chinese bankers that I talked to on this very point were those same Shanghai and industrial bankers generally whom Professor Dewey favors.

As to the future workings of the Consortium—I am far more sanguine I think than Professor Dewey. He speaks as if "Japanese, French and British political and financial interests" were not fully "playing the game" with the American group and that they might even go so far as to act so that the Consortium operations might be "stalled for five years." Such conception is, I believe, without foundation. I believe that the other national groups have gone into the Consortium with good faith equal to that of the American group. It may be that certain individual British or French or Japanese in the Far East may not feel equally cooperative, but as to the groups themselves and the governments which have favored the Consortium, I believe that they will sincerely work together for the benefit of China.

When Professor Dewey says that even should the Consortium make no present loans to China, still it might be serving a thoroughly useful purpose in preventing "predatory foreign loans to China" such as in past decades have been made, I am in thorough accord with him. We want to do away with the old system of feeding out money to China for wasteful purposes. The banking groups have not the slightest anxiety to make any loans to China. If news came to us that China could, by herself, furnish sufficient funds to develope her railways, canals, etc., and thus bring the country closer together economically and politically, we should all rejoice.

Permit me to take this opportunity to congratulate you upon the series of most illuminating articles on the Far East that you have published from Professor Dewey's pen.

New York City. THOMAS W. LAMONT.

Hands Up!

SIR: Perhaps you are familiar with the works of Mark Twain. Then you may remember the "Hold-Up" in "Roughing It" when "Mark" was ordered to hold up his hands and to deliver his purse. Every time he started to put down his hands to get his purse he was threatened with instant death if he did not keep them up, and when he put them up again, threats as dire demanded immediate delivery of the purse.

That was a joke on Mark Twain. We are seeing something very like this in the field of international economics where it is no joke at all. L. S.

A Republican Pledge

SIR: The National Republican platform promised, in the event of Republican success, "Immediate resumption of trade with all countries with which we are not at war."

Now the administration refuses even to consider resumption of trade with Russia on the alleged ground (among others) that that country's de facto government does not recognize "the sanctity of a contract!" ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

The Bandwagon

THE PRACTICAL MAN'S POINT OF VIEW

Budapest, Hungary, March 24.—Foreign money dropped today to half its value two weeks ago, the quotation on the dollar falling from 500 kroner to 250. The sudden jump in the Hungarian kroner, however, provoked an unforeseen economic crisis. Merchants who purchased foreign commodities when the exchange rate on the kroner was at its lowest ebb are unwilling to cut down prices. The public refuses to buy at the old prices and is waiting for the expected crash. Meanwhile business is at a standstill.

A delegation of merchants today called on Finance Minister Hegedus, whose financial measures caused the rapid rise in the kroner, and told him: "If you continue to improve our money we are ruined."—*The New York Tribune.*

THE NEW MONTH

The added month is named "Liberty," and it is placed next after February. Thus the months are January, February, Liberty, March, etc. . . . . Liberty is very fittingly the first month of Spring.—*Proposal of the Liberty Calendar Association.*

ALIEN EGGS AND UN-AMERICAN MINORITIES

Alien eggs are being laid in our American nest. Our native blood is a diminishing drop in the bucket of inundating aliens. Our native inheritance of Liberty, defined and assured by Law, is being mocked and undermined. Our native spirit is being diluted and polluted by organized minorities every hour of every day.—*Owen Wister in The American Magazine.*

WHAT UNMAKES A BROOKLYN ASSEMBLYMAN

Assemblyman Frederick A. Wells, of Brooklyn, who was one of the half dozen men from New York City who voted for the ousting of Jager, made the following argument as to why Jager should be ousted:

"Any man who maintains a residence and a wife in New Jersey and has a 7x9 room in New York City is not the right kind of a man to sit here."—*The New York Tribune.*

THE DUTY OF THE COURTS

The courts cannot find the balancing point by boxing the compass of judicial opinion from extreme radicalism to ultra-conservatism. They must stand at all times as the representatives of capital, of captains of industry devoted to the principle of individual initiative—protect property and persons from violation and destruction; strongly opposed to all schemes for the nationalism of industry, and yet save labor from oppression.—*Justice Van Siclen of the New York State Supreme Court.*

OUR GOVERNMENT—IS IT POSSIBLE!

Mr. Spargo says that Debs is "not a criminal." That is an astounding statement, for it virtually accuses our government of putting an innocent man in prison.—*A letter of protest from Richard Marlowe to the New York Tribune.*

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The "Detective Eye" of John Burroughs

JOHN BURROUGHS, the poetic observer, was early dominated by the scientific observer—by a lively curiosity with regard to the fact, like that of Gilbert White, whom he rightly set down as a type of the born observer, "the man with the detective eye." White was, indeed, one of the first of the true field naturalists; the time had gone by when a Goldsmith could be found inspecting "curious scraps of descriptions of animals scrawled upon the wall with a black-lead pencil," and the time was come when a Gilbert White could be seen rambling through the beech woods and over the rolling downs with eye and ear alert to every unwonted phenomenon. Yet it was not so much the detective eye of the gentleman-naturalist of Selborne that made his book a classic, as the winning spirit of the man himself and the measured charm of his eighteenth century style. And likewise Thoreau, who lacked "the detective eye of the great naturalist," as Burroughs remarked in an early essay, who never really perceived the goings-on in the world about him, whose most unusual observation that Burroughs could recall was his discovery that the wild apple-tree outwits the browsing cattle by protecting itself with dense, thorny branchlets and sending a favored shoot up beyond their reach, who bragged that he would not go round the corner even to see the world blow up (to which Burroughs responds that *his* curiosity would certainly bring him there),—Thoreau likewise owes his place to spiritual qualities, and not to his skill in observation. As a creator of literature, Burroughs too must owe what measure of success he has achieved to his literary qualities, which his detective aptitude served while remaining distinct.

It must be remembered, however, that Burroughs has not regarded himself as primarily a literary writer, but rather as a student of nature. If he has sacrificed the literary values, he has sacrificed them to an end that, through most of his life, seemed more important than they: understanding of the ways of nature. Similarly, it may be said that what represents a loss to him who reads Burroughs in the literary spirit represents a gain to him who reads him in the scientific spirit—who seeks in his pages fresh knowledge of the natural order and stimulation toward the independent pursuit of such knowledge. Most men are indeed blind to the little dramas of nature, as Burroughs has never tired of pointing out; do not read the sudden signals and gestures, penetrate the screens, untangle the skeins, distinguish between the commonplace and the significant. In the book of nature, "there is coarse print and fine print; there are obscure signs and hieroglyphics. We all read the large type more or less appreciatively, but only the students and lovers of nature read the fine lines and the footnotes. . . . For my part, my delight is to linger long over each page of this marvelous record, and to dwell fondly upon its most obscure text." In this study, the first thing needful, is a sharp eye. I think I have seen sharply, until I am challenged, as when, said Burroughs, a lady asks me to draw an outline of the tulip-tree leaf and I realize how blurred my sight has been. Here, again, is a chickadee nest, from which the birds are absent, with apparently some hair of a small animal at the edges of the cavity in the tree—their nest has been rifled. But a microscopic examination of the hair proves it to be not hair but a vegetable fibre, which had caught at the entrance to the nest while the chickadees were drawing it in. A sharp eye first, then: and secondly, patience. It is not enough to see clearly; you must also see steadily and carefully.

The error in this matter of the chickadee nest sprang not only from defective observation but also from hasty inference, as it did in the following incident. A lawyer once sent John Burroughs an egg-shell of the quail to testify that the mother bird, not the young, had broken the shells, since the edges were bent in. But the observer was hasty, had not considered the effect of the shrinking of the skin lining the shell; he had failed to sift all the evidence, had not cross-questioned the facts, had not applied legal methods. Legal methods, medical methods, scholarly methods—they are all alike the critical or scientific method, always a rare possession, which John Burroughs had in high degree. As he sauntered across the open fields and through the woods, stopping here and there to listen more acutely or see more accurately, there was little in the drama of nature that escaped his perspicuous perception. Drama in a sense it was, and he the audience; yet, as he points out in an essay on Hasty Observation, it was not the drama as we humanly produce it:

> It is not like the play at the theatre, where everything is made conspicuous and aims to catch the eye, and where the story clearly and fully unfolds itself. On nature's stage many dramas are being played at once, and without any reference to the lookers-on, unless it be to escape their notice. The actors rush or strut across the stage, the curtain rises or falls, the significant thing happens, and we heed it not.

To the observer of the natural drama, to the reader in the book of nature, there is ever a new act, a new page. Now it is a yellowish-white moth mimicking the droppings of birds, or a shrike impaling a mouse on a thorn, or a vireo harassing an intruding cowbird, or a pair of eagles celebrating their nuptials in mid-air, or a chipmunk preparing his winter quarters in July, or a salamander revealing himself after years as the source of a mysterious plaintive piping in the woods of summer and autumn, or a genuine English lark showering melody over a Hudson valley meadow, or a skunk—here is the skunk story:

> I did something the other day with a wild animal that I had never done before or seen done, though I had heard of it: I carried a live skunk by the tail, and there was 'nothing doing,' as the boys say. I did not have to bury my clothes. I knew from observation that the skunk could not use its battery with effect without throwing its tail over its back; and therefore, for once at least, I had the courage of my convictions and verified the fact.

If in one season, said Burroughs, he picked up two or three facts in natural history that were new to him, he considered himself lucky; as well he might, in comparison with Thoreau's findings in twenty years of daily excursions in the country. With time, Burroughs naturally became more keen of eye and ear, more patient in drawing his conclusions. More and more, after his poetic period, his scientific observation dictated the substance and spirit of his books, from, let us say, the Locusts and Wild Honey of 1879 to the Leaf and Tendril of 1908. Repeatedly he wrote essays on The Art of Seeing Things, Straight Seeing and Straight Thinking, Intensive Observation, Hasty Observation, and Sharp Eyes, and repeatedly exemplified his

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own superiority in these matters by essays made up of incidents afield, offhand experiments, rambling speculation regarding the habits of natural life and geologic phenomena. Of course, the "nature fakers" of our time disturbed him greatly, and have called forth his authoritative condemnation. Of course, the great French naturalist Fabre, whose translated works appeared in Burroughs's later years, won his hearty admiration. In a chapter on The Insect Mind he has properly remarked that Maeterlinck's praise of Fabre as "the insect's Homer," widely quoted today, is aside of the mark. Fabre, said Burroughs, is not the insect's Homer but rather the insect's Sherlock Holmes. For in Fabre we find the same detective eye that White and Burroughs have, but concentrated to a single study, directed firmly to one definite purpose after another, and supplemented by the laboratory experimentation of his harmas. He was, indeed, both a more systematic and a greater detective than John Burroughs.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

Mr. James Branch Cabell

IN Beyond Life Mr. James Branch Cabell defines among other things two attitudes toward life, the chivalric and the gallant. "The chivalrous person is, in his own eyes at least, the child of God, and goes about this world as his Father's representative in an alien country." And "the secret of Gallantry is to accept the pleasures of life leisurely, and its inconveniences with a shrug." Now to both of these attributes on the part of his reader, Mr. Cabell makes an appeal. In the pillory at the close of Beyond Life in its new edition he arrays his critics, and the result is eloquent. Nowhere except in Mr. William Archer's ingenious anthology of the English critics of Ibsen shall you find such voluble and vociferous condemnation. "Mr. Cabell is a self-conscious sentimentalist, hopelessly so." "The scheme of the book is impossible, and . . . it is a mass of commonplaces, through which is run a thread of the mildly improbable." "It may please some, but it displeases others to encounter such stereotyped acerbity." "The whole thing is slushy and disgusting." "Worse than immoral—dull. . . . The effect is revolting." "A boudoir budget of romantic absurdities." "The novel is poorly written, and shows an immaturity of style hardly excusable in print." "His irony becomes a sort of maundering wistfulness like the whine of a little old man suffering from false teeth." And finally comes Mr. John G. Sumner reciting that Jurgen "represents and is descriptive of scenes of lewdness and obscenity upon pages . . ." [so many that the conscientious reader feels the same respect for Mr. Sumner that Jurgen did for Priapus] "and is so obscene, lewd, lascivious and indecent that a minute description of the same would be offensive." Clearly, it is to the chivalry of the reader, that vicarious instinct for the justice of God, that Mr. Cabell makes his first appeal, and not in vain. One is instantly impelled to love him for the enemies he has made. That this sentiment has any part in determining the attitude of his defenders, Mr. Wilson Follett, Mr. Mencken, Mr. Walpole and others it would be injudicious to imply, but certain it is that their defence lacks no element of chivalrous ardor and loyal devotion. And no less does he appeal to the reader's gallantry. Surely Mr. Cabell is among the pleasures of life which must be accepted leisurely—if at all; and who will deny that he is one of its inconveniences?

It must be said on behalf of his enemies that Mr. Cabell has played them a trick, similar to that by which elephants are caught in a pit lightly covered with branches and leaves. None of those who advanced fearlessly upon The Cords of Vanity and The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck, so innocently casual, so enticingly juvenile, could have dreamed that he would return upon them and smite them hip and thigh with fourteen volumes of his collected works. It must be admitted that Mr. Cabell is more impressive as a whole than in parts; in his fondness for the decimal system he has symbolized the fact that he is to be reckoned by tens rather than by units. But the question which divides his critics into two equally positive and unanimous schools is whether there is any digit at the left of the product; and evidently this question is fundamental even if Mr. Cabell's works should so multiply as to call for the fantastic number of ciphers necessary in speaking of the German indemnity.

The unit by which Mr. Cabell himself inscribes his significance is his persistent affirmation of the artist's desire "to write perfectly of beautiful happenings." This ethical principle is supported by a philosophy developed in exposition and illustration by two of his recurring characters, Felix Kennaston in The Cream of the Jest, and the novelist John Charteris, who talks throughout the book, Beyond Life. Although Charteris reminds one of the two eminent late-Victorian conversationalists, Oscar Wilde and George Moore, he may be taken as Mr. Cabell's raisonneur, propounding a philosophy to which his fiction may be plausibly assigned. For, as Mr. Hardy finds human life the product and the victim of a purblind force, and its activities phenomena which are raised by art from the effect of mere mischance to that of directed fate, so Mr. Cabell finds "that the sum of corporeal life represents an essay in romantic fiction." It was Felix Kennaston's discovery that:

> Life strove toward the creation of art. That was all life cared about. Living things were more or less successful works of art, and were to be judged according to art's canons alone. The universe was life's big barren studio, which the Artist certainly had neither planned nor builded, but had, somehow, occupied, to make the best of its limitations.

And Charteris no less holds that:

> The shape-giving principle of all sentient beings is artistic. . . . The principle goes deeper, in that it shapes the minds of men, by this universal tendency to imagine—and to think of as in reality existent—all the tenants of earth and all the affairs of earth, not as they are, but as they ought to be.

Mr. Cabell thus professes realism in its original philosophic sense; and his issue with the professed realists, the would-be reproducers of life, is completely joined.

To continue with Charteris:

> The trouble with facts seems to be, that if one treats them out of relation to the rest of life, they become lies. There in brief you have the damnatory frailty of "realistic" novels, which endeavor to show our actual existence from a viewpoint wherefrom no human being ever saw it. For literature . . . should be true to life; and the serious artist will not attempt to present the

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facts about his contemporaries as these facts really are, since that is the one indiscretion which life never perpetrates.

This is an eloquent if not an altogether serious statement of the religion of romanticism long ago professed by Stevenson. In fact the chief reason for doubting its seriousness is its resemblance to the well-known passage in The Lantern Bearers. It almost seems as if Charteris, like a rival shepherd in an eclogue, were but embroidering on the given theme.

> It is said that a poet has died young in the breast of the most stolid. It may be contended rather that this (somewhat minor) bard in almost every case survives, and is the spice of life to his possessor. Justice is not done to the versatility and the unplumbed childishness of man's imagination. His life from without may seem but a rude mound of mud; there will be some golden chamber at the heart of it in which he dwells delighted. . . .
>
> And hence the haunting and truly spectral unreality of realistic books. In each we miss the personal poetry, the enchanted atmosphere, that rainbow work of fancy that clothes what is naked and seems to ennoble what is base; in each, life falls dead like dough, instead of soaring away like a balloon into the colors of the sunset; each is true, each inconceivable, for no man lives in the external truth, among salts and acids, but in the warm phantasmagoric chamber of his brain, with the painted windows and the storied walls.

It is perhaps somewhat fanciful to find an immature emanation of this philosophy in Mr. Cabell's early fiction, and yet even there we may see him dealing "with the facts and laws of Life as so much crude material which must be transmuted into comeliness." In The Cords of Vanity, a record of Robert Etheridge Townsend's emotional experience which superficially reminds one of George Moore's A Modern Lover, the essential theme is a desire and a quest; and The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck is a story of human action developed in accordance with the persistence of an attitude, a gesture, on the part of the hero, by virtue of which he redeems for himself the part which he is set to play in a spiritually squalid world. In The Cream of the Jest, Mr. Cabell gives an explicit illustration of "the poet that lives in the breast of the most stolid," or, if you will, of the "unplumbed childishness of man's imagination." Felix Kennaston, fat and middle-aged, with a high-pitched voice, and weak, avoiding eyes, his conversation marred by a deprecatory grin, a nervous snigger, and a habit of biting his nails, nevertheless by going to sleep with his talisman clutched in his hand is privileged to accompany the Lady Etarre of Poictesme in nightly excursions to all the lands of romance. Alas, the talisman turns out to be only the broken half of the metal top of a cold cream jar, with meaningless hieroglyphics suggestive of Cleopatra!

Now the contrast between the splendid nature of this conjuration and the pathetically humble means of it may be taken as a parallel to Stevenson's experience with the romantic enchanter. "With no more apparatus than an ill-smelling lantern, I have evoked him on the naked links." But it is more likely to be held an evidence of Mr. Cabell's scepticism or perverseness or pessimism or irony—in short, an act of heresy towards his artistic deity and a breach of faith with his trusting reader. And here we come to the cause of division among Mr. Cabell's critics. To the one party he has defiled the temple of romance by a bit of sordid reality—and, worse still, he has escaped from the net of classification. To the other he has redeemed his plagiarized romantic creed by the touch of irony which destroys it.

The Cream of the Jest makes the connection between Mr. Cabell's two worlds, the modern world of Lichfield, Virginia, which Robert Etheridge Townsend, Colonel Robert Musgrave, Felix Kennaston, and John Charteris inhabit, and the mediaeval realm of Poictesme, which Mr. Cabell first evoked in The Soul of Melicent, now entitled Domnei, and which serves as a starting point for the adventures of Jurgen, and Manuel in Figures of Earth. This is truly the world of Mr. Cabell's desire and delight. Why then does he bring his readers into it through a manifestly artificial portal of imaginary chroniclers and fragmentary epics, vouched for by mock bibliographies? The artifice may indeed be justified by Mr. Cabell's intention. Much as Mr. Hardy makes geologic history a recognizable element in his background of nature, primeval, permanent, impervious to the petty insults of human intrusion, so Mr. Cabell makes a somewhat clumsy antiquarianism serve to give authority to that doctrine of romance which he would have us remember has been held and practised always everywhere, and by all elect spirits. But it is also his ironic reminder of the dry-as-dust processes by which the possibility of this world of imagination is secured to us. Here again Mr. Cabell's critics divide, some to resent a trivial mystification which if successful is dull and if unsuccessful is obtrusive and disenchanting; others to applaud the second intention by which the world of the past is made to flout the pedantic scholarship by virtue of which it still exists.

Mr. Cabell's preoccupation is to keep his two worlds in constant juxtaposition, the one in which we are meat salesmen, or vestrymen, or otherwise worthy members of society, and the other in which we are Shakespeare or Beethoven, knight, lover, or saint. It is in part a psychological problem to trace the union of the two worlds in the microcosm of man; in part it is the art of the juggler to keep his two balls in the air at the same time. Hence the irony, or, as it seems to a hostile eye, the perverseness, which impels him to hold us ever aware of the world of "tedious unimportant tasks and useless little habits" out of which we seem to have escaped. In the case of Felix Kennaston and his cold-cream-jar talisman, the trick is so childishly playful that it amuses us like a bit of sleight-of-hand. Elsewhere the effort is too apparent, the effect, trop voulu. In Figures of Earth, for example, Manuel hears the eagle practising a new cry.

> 'There is such a thing as being too proud to fight.' He shook his bald head disgustedly, and tried 'The only enduring peace is a peace without victory,' but that did not seem to content him either. Afterward he cried out 'All persons who oppose me have pigmy minds,' and 'If everybody does not do exactly as I order, the heart of the world will be broken,' and many other foolish things he repeated.

Now this may appeal to Mr. Cabell's admirers as a bit of deserved satire, but they will hardly maintain that it is adroit. In its context it merely serves to remind us how thin and arbitrary is the illusion which Mr. Cabell has created—and such was doubtless also his intention.

It is for his irony that Mr. Cabell has been most highly praised by comparison to one from whom he has borrowed somewhat; but if Klopstock was but a German Milton,

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Mr. Cabell must be pronounced sadly a very Anglo-Saxon Anatole France. In Jurgen and Figures of Earth, the mock epics in which he has discovered his latest and most expressive manner, he lacks the singleness of purpose and clarity of outlook, the sure adaptation of means to the end that characterize the Gallic genius. Both are allegories of the life of man, Jurgen of the flesh, Figures of Earth, of the spirit, and Jurgen is by far the better. Figures of Earth at least on a first reading seems to lack—well, if they were Figures of Dough we might say yeast. But in neither is the allegory sustained. Uncertain and cloudy at best it has a way of disconcerting us by disappearing altogether. Mr. Cabell has said somewhere that allegory is the truest form of art, but we suspect that allegory like romance is a mistress whom he takes pleasure in deceiving. Occasionally, it is true, his irony is corrosive, mordant, consuming and all the other adjectives which have been applied to it. Take the conception of Hell in Jurgen as a badly run democracy at war with the divinely ordered autocracy of heaven and much disturbed by pro-Celestial propaganda:

> 'Was it not only yesterday,' asks Jurgen of Satan, 'one of the younger devils was brought before you, upon the charge that he had said the climate of Heaven was better than the climate here? . . . You should have remembered, sir, that a devil whose patriotism is impugned is a devil to be punished; and that there is no time to be prying into irrelevant questions of his guilt or innocence. Otherwise I take it, you will never have any real democracy in Hell.'

No wonder that Jurgen was suppressed! Other things of our present world catch the flare of Mr. Cabell's irony —women, and domestic life, and society, and the reading-matter business, though politics and scholarship are his best trumps. But all these are matters of second intention, grateful to sophisticated, foreign-fed palates but abhorrent to the forthright American temper.

And Mr. Cabell has been praised for his style. Unquestionably, whether his happenings are all beautiful or not, he has steadfastly striven to write of them perfectly; whatever variability we may discern in his theory of artistic selection, he has maintained a single attitude of artistic treatment. It is no disparagement of Mr. Cabell to say that he writes like many other men. His material he has drawn from many sources. He had adverted at sundry times to the Autolycus theory of authorship, and has reason to pride himself on the brilliant use which he has made of otherwise unconsidered trifles. (Not for nothing was Jurgen a pawn-broker.) Caricatures in the fashion of Dickens, paradoxes after Oscar Wilde, amenities of George Moore, ironies of Anatole France, naïveties of Lewis Carroll, love in the mediaeval trappings of Catulle Mendès, or the Alexandrian of Pierre Louys, vice in the earnest ritual of Phoenicia, the banners of Frankish romance and the mysteries of Celtic, he has taken them bravely as he listed. And words he has collected too, a multitude of curious objets d'art. [Not for nothing is Jurgen derived from jargon.] At times Mr. Cabell seems to take obvious delight in wearing other men's styles, and perhaps bettering them. At the close of The Cream of the Jest, when Felix Kennaston is returning to the C Major of this life, there is a passage appropriately and exquisitely in the manner of Thackeray. In Beyond Life the themes of Stevenson and Pater are recurrent with Mr. Cabell's variations upon them. And why should one not learn to play upon the delicate instrument of language as one learns to play upon the piano—by imitation and emulation? At all events by such exacting practice and rivalry, Mr. Cabell's style has been achieved. It is not an American style, and this also has not been forgiven him.

But that Mr. Cabell has roused such abhorrence is precisely the most important, though not necessarily the most significant thing about him. The windy chorus of abuse which stands at the beginning of this article is his best apologia. If at the Last Day the Lord should ask of Mr. Cabell "Why did you write this or that?" he has only to point to his critics and his justification will be complete. For whatever else may be said of what Mr. Cabell has or has not done, it cannot be denied that he has done what he wanted to. Why he wanted to do it may remain obscure even after such laborious exposition as this, but the significant fact is that he has done it. Decadent realist, ironic romanticist, perverse allegorist, he has remained himself. And that is precisely what American literature needs today—a wilful personality strong enough to defy the herd instinct. Wilfulness has its penalties, as Mr. Cabell's books sometimes painfully show, but it has its reward. We are all beginning to be better for what Mr. Cabell has written. Like Manuel in his allegory, he is by way of becoming Cabell the redeemer.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Cold Pie and Pepsin

ABOUT fifteen years ago it occurred to me that I should like to live by writing and I went to a friend of mine who was a literary adviser. She received me generously and encouragingly.

"I think I can help you," she said. "One of the big New York firms has been after me to do a job which I believe I'll turn over to you. How would you like to do a book on Beauty and Health?"

I had no desire to do a book on beauty and health. I wanted to express myself, to reveal my young soul. Of beauty I could say little, of health I could say less. Plenty of fresh air, good nourishing wholesome food, suitable exercise, and sound sleep in a room with the windows open —that about exhausted my ideas on hygiene. As for beauty, a clear skin, a bright sparkling eye, flashing white teeth and a winning smile covered my themes for popular advice on the subject of good looks.

"The firm is willing to pay $250 on acceptance," the literary adviser said, "and it could be quite a short book —60,000 words."

Well, why not? In the city of Chicago there were two public libraries and by living on $8 a week for thirty weeks I could keep myself going until the book was completed, and then I could pay back the sum on which I had lived, out of this glittering $250.

It was a bright scheme and I went to work. I made out a lucid plan for the book—The Care of the Hair, The Care of the Teeth, The Care of the Baby,etc.,—and the publishers accepted it. For the rest of the spring I wrestled with Beauty and Health.

Little did I understand publishers. In June I came to the end both of manuscript and resources and I went to look for work as a measly clerk. My lender waited for his $250. Late in September word came lisping from the publishers that—well, it wasn't at all the right kind of book.

"This book tells the young girl that if she eats pie she'll have pimples. We want the sort of book that 'll tell her how to eat pie and still not have pimples."

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My adviser was very depressed. Out of her own pocket, for the "use" of my material, she gave me a sort of consolatory $100, and later returned my precious hygienic platitudes. . . . Well, they were afterward doled out by a family magazine to the imperturbable Middle West, and my accounts were finally squared.

That was one of the first times I collided with American optimism in its more virulent form, and only today have I guessed the sort of thing I should have written. I discovered it in an advertisement in the current McClure's. Words cannot do justice to this advertisement because it contains a photograph of a man called Beeman —which might be entitled, "The Psyche of Chewing Gum." But the words even without the music are not bad:

INTELLIGENT EATING

A cheese sandwich, a cold piece of pie, and a cup of coffee, all swallowed whole, represents the luncheon of thousands of business men and women.

This method in eating is certain to result in some slight form of indigestion.

The routine use of Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum ten minutes after each meal will go a long way toward correcting the faulty mastication at a meal.

Such is "Intelligent Eating"! And after gazing on the face and whiskers of the illustrious Beeman once more, I begin to feel like a plain, heavy-fisted, pulpit-thumping moralist.

American optimism is, for me, summed up by Beeman. No more than Beeman does optimism question the rush-hour, the quick-lunch, the haste and waste. It lumps the tradition of rush-hour and quick-lunch as something to be accepted and compromised with, and it brings in its pepsin. Eat a cheese sandwich and a slab of pie with a cup of coffee? Sure. But, thereafter, "the routine use of Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum." The great rule is to chew the gum, not the pie and the sandwich. To argue for the hygienic thing is to be a grouch and a gloom. The other thing is Intelligent Eating.

It is a good sample of the optimistic formula, the formula of makeshift, laisser-faire and self-deception. But if we who criticize it will only have the frankness to confess it, we have ourselves largely to thank. We have ridiculed the optimist, the person who accepts tradition and simply adds a little pepsin to it. He is a good target, but we have done more to ridicule the pepsin and less to undermine the old tradition than the situation has actually demanded. The true critical objective, the tradition, has thus remained almost perfectly unassailed and undisturbed.

What makes this serious is the authority which has been given to the reactionary attitude in this country. The reactionary attitude, as represented by such eminent critics as Mr. More and Mr. Babbitt, is founded on a suspicion of human nature and democracy. It comes down in the end to an attempt to rule human nature autocratically in the name of ideals. This is where American optimism takes poor human nature in hand. It accepts the autocracy but, like the popular magazine story, tries to coat it over with sweetness. And so the lowbrows and the highbrows are united against the liberal, whose difficult and responsible task it is to accept human impulses and work for disciplined freedom. And so, in a reactionary period like the present, we find that liberal criticism hasn't bitten into the traditional position, or established its own profound claims to being entertained.

The pepsin is bad enough, whether it is supplied by the American Academy of Arts and Letters or the National Civic Federation or the American Legion or the United States Supreme Court. But it is only when one finds young men turning back to the old tradition, precisely because it is a tradition, that one realizes the failure of liberal criticism to liberate.

Optimism is a mere capsule. It is the reactionary tradition which optimism skins over that requires to be detected. And the most serious of reactionary tradition's inherent advantages is its air of moral responsibility. What liberal criticism has failed to establish in American consciousness is the superior responsibility it is itself offering —namely, its responsibility to the truth.

The long suit of such authoritarian criticism as is offered by Paul Elmer More and Irving Babbitt is the total irresponsibility of the romantic, his lack of "idealism," his moral and spiritual want of inheritance—in point of fact, his bastardy. It is on these platitudes that the optimist and the reactionary unite, and it is time that the liberal critic addressed himself to these libels.

One of the most sensitive of English critics, J. Middleton Murry, recently yielded so far to Professor Babbitt as to say, "To allow the perspective of science seriously to influence, much less control, our human values, is an invitation to disaster. . . . The reassertion of humanism involves the re-creation of a practical ideal of human life and conduct, and a strict subordination of the impulses of the individual to this ideal." Only a month later, however, Mr. Murry found a very different humanist from Babbitt in the work of Anton Tchehov; and in summing up the personality of Tchehov he portrayed the true responsibility of liberal criticism, the inner spirit of the new tradition:

"In every conjuncture of his life that we can trace in his letters he behaved squarely by himself. . . . He set himself to achieve a new humanity, and he achieved it. The indifference upon which Tchehov's humanity was built was not therefore a moral indifference; it was, in the main, the recognition and acceptance of the fact that life itself is indifferent. To that he held fast to the end. But the conclusion which he drew from it was not that it made no particular difference what any one did, but that the attitude and character of the individual were all-important. There was, indeed, no panacea, political or religious, for the ills of humanity; but there could be a mitigation in men's souls. . . . He waged a war of extermination against the lie in the soul of himself, and by necessary implications in others also. He was, thus, in all things a humanist. He faced the universe, but he did not deny his own soul. There could be for him no antagonism between science and literature, or science and humanity."

Such candor as Tchehov's is not less humanly responsible than the most portentous impulse-ruling "idealism." It repudiates "idealism" in its constraining and distorting and perverting forms. It accepts with a whole soul the adventure of the truth. What *is* Truth? That, too, is a question. But what one means by opposing realism to idealism is to plead for the recognition of all realities, even disagreeable realities. The "idealist" is too often the person who crucifies human nature on the cross of an edifying presumption about human nature.

To "rule" the impulses without the data of science brings penalties which the liberal alone can remit. The liberal method is nothing if it is not more sound psychologically than the conservative method. That is the fundamental issue between the conservative and his responsible

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critics. It is the issue which involves the closed mind of Puritanism and the tight mind of classicism.

On the very page opposite Beeman's "Intelligent Eating" in the current McClure's there is a fragment of Harvey O'Higgins's searching and luminous article on The American Mind. And in the centre of this dislocated lump of text there rests an apt diagnosis of the Puritanism to which America is heir. From this quotation alone one may infer the human difficulties to which Mr. More and Mr. Babbitt never advert. They are not themselves optimists, but in their belief that liberalism means anarchy they prevent the operation of criticism. Their unwillingness to examine "idealism" in human terms results in a perpetuation of innumerable falsities.

"Our fiction and our theatre betray our state of mind. We want stories always of success. We must have a hero who 'does things.' We cannot endure the art that pictures our own problems; we read and go to the theatre to escape from ourselves. We particularly like to escape from our Puritan repression of the instinct of sex, but our art has to be very sly about that, in order to evade our own moral censorship; hence the popularity of those novels and plays which prove that the wages of sin is death but go through a thorough exposure of the sinful life in accomplishing their moral purpose. Necessarily, these aspects of our art are childish to the foreigner."

Here are the facts that every American liberal knows. And because he knows them, through holding himself responsible to the truth, he is not likely to subscribe to any optimism or "idealism" which bids him close his mind. This must be the basis of whatever new critical tradition is forming in the United States. Such anti-Puritanism is not less responsible than the respectable tradition now invoking conservative ideals out of which came the World War. It is more responsible. It suspects the diplomatic decorum, the chivalry, the military disciplinarianism, the ideas of glory and herd-obedience and loyalty, out of which the war was concocted quite as much as out of natural brutalities and incivilities. But in criticizing brutalities and incivilities, demagoguery and diplomacy, the informed liberal will not, like his antagonist, instantly resort to the black mark and the pedagogic cane. It is not enough to whip and suppress. We must realize that subordinated impulses are merely bullied impulses, sullen and rebellious and incorrigible, until there is a freedom such as Tchehov interpreted—responsible government applied to the impulses. To argue for less, even for a monarchy on the Babbitt lines, is to necessitate indigestion compromised with classic pepsin. It is to miss the valor of personality in seeking to avoid its vulgar caricatures. FRANCIS HACKETT.

Mencken: An English Plaint

Prejudices, Second Series, by H. L. Mencken. New York: A. A. Knopf.

THE abuse of America by Americans is, to a European, a phenomenon of some little interest. No Englishman, so far as I know, ever abuses England. Towards its government, of course, he is apt to be ferocious. He may arraign a class, an institution, or a national habit: the aristocracy, say, or the Labor party; the Church of England or the non-conformist conscience; the savages who eat beef, the slaves who drink cocoa, or the simple and dangerous folk who take the dope at the hands of Horatio Bottomley. He may assert, in the fruitiest language, that the vices of the lower orders are driving the country to the devil. But his anger or scorn always presupposes one thing: that the party or influence he is denouncing is bad because it offends against or denies the England of his love and pride.

Quite otherwise, as it seems to me, is the manner of a certain kind of American writer. Here is Mr. H. L. Mencken, who was named the other day by St. John Ervine, and rightly named, as one of the lights of American criticism. He is a man of remarkable endowments. Whatever one may think of his critical method, there is no gainsaying his critical power. He is delightfully different from the best sellers, and his pen is a weapon of point. But I, for one, cannot help feeling a little sorry for him—and he hates pity not less than he hates gratitude and uplift—because he is a man so outrageously without a country. There is nothing in the universe, you surmise after reading him for a quarter of an hour, that he finds so detestable as these United States—moving, according to a high authority of the moment, along their onward normal way. For Mr. Mencken, everything in and about America is wrong: the "founding fathers," the Constitution, the political creed and system; liberty and equality, the average and the majority; the dream and the business; the North, because it tries to be interested in the affairs of the mind; the South because it does not; the West, I suppose, because it could not. The so-called "typical" products of modern America provoke him to an ecstasy of fury: "members of the Drama League and the Y. M. C. A., weepers at chautauquas, wearers of badges, 100 per cent patriots, children of God." And with such specimens of the chosen he associates what he calls the salient American gifts to culture—"the moving picture, the phonograph, the New Thought, and the bichloride tablet."

It is, however, not merely America that Mr. Mencken enjoys himself in decrying. With equal gusto he proclaims his vexation with the whole of mankind and their ways. Speaking generally, he confesses, all men repel him. The only explanation he can suggest for the offensive practice of marriage is that to nearly every man there falls a moment when some woman who disgusts him rather less than do all the others comes within his range. Of the no less deplorable habit, so mysteriously prevalent among men, of mutual liking and helpfulness, this discerning philosopher has not, I imagine, found any explanation at all. But he knows that gratitude would be hateful if it ever existed, while anything expressive of faith between human creatures would be a poisonous negation of that "unshakable egoism" which is "the essence of a self-reliant and autonomous culture." It all sounds rather extravagantly foolish, coming from an immensely clever man with a vivid interest in artistic creation, if not, so far as one can see, in ideas.

Mr. Mencken has no remedy for the state of affairs he so insistently laments. He is sure there cannot be one. In philosophy he is a plain determinist. Whatever is must be; and whatever is is wrong—except, perhaps, Joseph Conrad and Theodore Dreiser. All is for the worst in the worst of all possible Americas. And it always will be. Nothing can alter it. Indeed, as Mr. Mencken is considerate enough to remind us, nobody has ever been able to change anything, or if he has, it has been just the same, or worse. For ten thousand years the simpletons of every zone have been worrying over the plan of reform; and think of our plight at the end of it all—with Bryan and Roosevelt, Harding and Billy Sunday (there is a fine impartiality about Mr. Mencken's disgusts), "puritanism, democracy, monogamy, leagues of nations, and Wilsonian

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piffle"! But why then, since men and things are what they are, and nobody can help it—why not take them with a reasonable measure of good humor, and at least get some fun out of a scene that should be amusing even to a Mencken? Why this absurd and tiresome spate of ill-temper? After all, even Broadway and the cheapest prints jeer at most of the things over which Mr. Mencken wastes his time and his astonishing nervous energy. There is, you would say, precious little in the game for him. Nevertheless this second series of Prejudices contains some rather tremendous pieces of writing. I myself would pick out in especial two chapters: first, the pitiless assault on the South—which, if it be justified to the extent of one-fifth, would prove that America cannot hope to recover from the Civil War; and, secondly, the "autopsy" on Roosevelt, which, notwithstanding its inept conclusion, is as brilliantly effective a thing of its kind as I remember to have read in some years.

Oddly enough, in the eleven short sections making up the essay on the National Letters, Mr. Mencken does not appear to have added anything of value to the analysis by the men he quotes, from Whitman to Van Wyck Brooks. He has taken a much too easy road, and come out at a very familiar point. And yet he cannot very well refuse the challenge of the task he has set himself. He wants a disinterested creative criticism. He complains that America produces no critics, or next to none, capable of forming and stating an aesthetic judgment unvitiated by moral, or social, or other illicit or accidental references. The answer is that Mr. Mencken should produce a few examples of his own. Invite him to suggest a way out of the clotted miseries about which he grows so destructively eloquent, and he will say, and does say, that there is no such way, and anyhow it is none of his business. But criticism is his business, although he tries to escape it by the continuous repetition of his prejudices—nuisances with which an intelligent man need not concern himself in his books. The only thing that makes a prejudice interesting is a play of mind around it, but that is a pleasure which Mr. Mencken does not allow to himself or his reader. He treats his prejudices precisely as his friends the puritans have always done. He should recognize that if he insists upon them, so, and with just as much reason, will the Bryans, the Comstocks, and, monstrous as it may sound to him, the Woodrow Wilsons. But surely, notwithstanding the label he has selected, Mr. Mencken's prejudices are only his fun: his judgments are there, and are given an intelligent backing? Well, you are not likely to find them in the peculiarly gross pages devoted to the opera, or to death, still less among the absurdities of dogma which he delights to scatter as he goes: such as, that one can't make a friend of a man who is less clean than oneself, that women enjoy having maternity thrust upon them, that the ordinary man does not mind how thickly a lip-stick is applied, or that genius cannot function under wifely devotion or while its possessor suffers from constipation, though it may flourish gaily along with general paralysis of the insane! It seems, when all is said, hardly worth while to remark upon the intolerable dreariness of the world in which Mr. Mencken's interests or prejudices are seeking satisfaction—a world in which men dislike men and are nauseated by women; in which one can't enjoy the spring because Boston and Kansas are still there and Pussyfoot Johnson has not yet been choked with brandy; where one's reading roams lugubriously between Theodore Dreiser and James Branch Cabell. Mr. Mencken, of course, is perfectly free to inhabit this fantastic realm, and to employ his pen in the effort to commend it to a public which for the present is voluntarily sharing the depressions of Mrs. Doctor Kennicott of Gopher Prairie. On the whole, perhaps, we may agree to leave them alone, and not to shout at them. They will not exchange their idols for those to which Mr. Mencken is given over. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord!

S. K. Ratcliffe.

The Social Consciousness of William Dean Howells

IT is a far cry from Sir Thomas More's political-philosophic romance, Utopia, or from Harriet Beecher Stowe's anti-slavery story, Uncle Tom's Cabin, to such a novel as William Dean Howells's Hazard of New Fortunes. But all three books have more in common than would appear to the casual reader, for all three show their authors' interest in the particular social and governmental problems of the time which they represent. It is true that Utopia is the work of an author who was primarily a political scientist, and Uncle Tom's Cabin was primarily an abolitionist's pamphlet, while A Hazard of New Fortunes is the product of an author who was first of all an artist; yet the social interest in A Hazard of New Fortunes is none the more negligible because it is clothed in an artistic form that makes it inconspicuous.

Howells acknowledged the influence of Tolstoi upon his life and writings, and stated himself, in one of the chapters of My Literary Passions as well as elsewhere, that he could not overestimate this influence upon his life and works. But the reader of this chapter is likely to be misled by Howells's statement of the Russian author's influence, unless he bears in mind that its effect was upon his social consciousness, rather than upon his literary craftsmanship. His novel writing divides itself into two periods, the first of which includes the novels written between 1871 and the middle eighties, before his acquaintance with the writings and the social teachings of Tolstoi; and the second of which includes his novels from 1887 until his death. In both periods his style and his methods are the same; it is in the matter of the author's recognition of social problems and responsibilities that the books of the two periods differ. In the earlier group he is concerned with people and places and ways of living as he has observed them; in the later period he is more often concerned with characters as they meet their social responsibilities or as people and conditions affect them. Their Wedding Journey and The Lady of the Aroostook, of this earlier period, are delightful portrayals of the externalities of American life. A Foregone Conclusion, published in 1875, becomes somewhat more serious, involving as it does Don Ippolito's problem of his duty to his church as opposed to his duty to the larger possibilities of life which his American friends open to him. But the problem here is an individual and not a social one. In A Modern Instance, which followed a few years later, we find a more intense and powerful portrayal of individual problems than in A Foregone Conclusion, and a sharp contrast to the pleasing externalities of Their Wedding Journey. The author's sense of the inevitableness of life, only vaguely evident in A Foregone Conclusion, becomes undeniable here, and the reader is glad that it stops on the pleasant side—even though very near the verge—of bitter-

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ness. He is gratified to find that The Rise of Silas Lapham, Howells's next great novel, shows less rather than more of a tendency in this direction. Silas Lapham has all the pleasing portrayal of American social life and usage, and all the mild humor of The Lady of the Aroostook; but it has too a moral seriousness in which all the characters are sooner or later involved. But their problems, also, are individual ones, and their responsibilities, serious as they become, are to the members of their own small group, rather than to society.

It was not a sense of the seriousness of life, then, but a sense of the larger social values and of the importance of social movements, that we must conclude to be the result of Tolstoi's influence on Howells. He says, in the careful language which adds to our belief in the truth of all his statements about himself:

> As much as one merely human being can help another I believe that he has helped me, he has not influenced me in aesthetics only, but in ethics, too, so that I can never again see life in the way I saw it before I knew him . . . Tolstoi gave me heart to hope that the world may yet be made over in the image of Him who died for it, when all Caesar's things shall be finally rendered unto Caesar, and men shall come into their own, into the right to labor and the right to enjoy the fruits of their labor, each one master of himself and servant to every other. He taught me to see life not as a chase of a forever impossible personal happiness, but as a field for endeavor towards the happiness of the whole human family; and I can never lose this vision, however I close my eyes, and strive to see my own interest as the highest good.

"Each one master of himself and servant to every other" seems to be the ideal of life which the reading of Tolstoi awoke in Howells's mind and made him desire to pass on to others through his art. It is significant, as Howells himself points out, that he had "turned the corner of his fiftieth year" when he first read Tolstoi, for his style and his standards of art were fixed then, and however much he might gain from any other writer, he could never become an imitator. He might thereafter "set art forever below humanity," but he could not forget the canons of his art. His realism never became sordid, even in A Modern Instance; but if there had been as great a leap toward the portrayal of life's ugliness between A Modern Instance and the later novels as there was between Their Wedding Journey and A Modern Instance, he would have become less the Howells that we love today.

In A Hazard of New Fortunes, which appeared in 1889, we find the best expression, in the novel form, of Howells's social consciousness. The social unrest of New York during the eighties, the painful attempt of the Dryfoos family to adjust themselves to the life in which their newly acquired fortune, but not their education or training, has placed them, the struggle of Margaret Vance to satisfy herself with the empty existence which her aunt's home offers her and her final peace in the life of service which she adopts, and the sacrifice by young Dryfoos of his business interests and his life for the laborers in whom he is interested,—all these are combined so skilfully with the story of Basil March's literary venture that the reader hardly realizes the social import of the book; yet at the same time he cannot escape it. In the sense that it involves the great issues of the day without at the same time becoming social propaganda at any point in its progress, it may be judged a finer work than The Rise of Silas Lapham; for the author accomplishes here what many of our present-day novelists fail to accomplish; he presents social problems without any sacrifice of his art. Howells's own bibliographical note on the book is significant:

> It became, to my thinking, the most vital of my fictions; through my quickened interest in the life about me, at a moment of great psychological import. We had passed through a period of strong emotioning in the direction of the humaner economics, if I may phrase it so; the rich seemed not so much to despise the poor, and the poor did not so hopelessly repine . . . That shedding of blood which is for the remission of sins had been symbolized by the bombs and scaffolds of Chicago, and the hearts of those who felt the wrongs bound up with our rights, the slavery implicated in our liberty, were thrilling with griefs and hopes hitherto strange to the average American breast. Opportunely for me there was a great street-car strike in New York, and the story began to find its way to issues nobler and larger than those of the love-affairs common to fiction.

The same bibliographical note, written twenty years after the first appearance of this novel, contains a passage that is indicative both of the patient hopefulness of Howells's social beliefs and of his faith in the literary value of the book:

> Certain hopes of truer and better conditions on which my heart was fixed twenty years ago are not less dear, and they are by no means touched with despair, though they have not yet found the fulfillment which I would then have prophesied for them. Events have not wholly played them false; events have not halted; though they have marched with a slowness that might affect a young observer as marking time. They who were then mindful of the poor have not forgotten themselves in violence such as offered me the material of tragedy and pathos in my story. In my quality as artist I could not regret these, and I gratefully realize that they offered me the opportunity of a more strenuous action, a more impressive catastrophe than I could have achieved without them.

Howells's interest in the social relations of humanity never degenerated into propagandism. In this respect his writings show the same restraint that characterizes his realism and his moral seriousness. His realism is so moderate that the reader fails to think of it as realism while reading; his moral seriousness is so well tempered with humor that the reader is never impressed by its weight; and likewise his social consciousness never obtrudes itself. Finding its first expression in A Hazard of New Fortunes, it did not grow from book to book until it absorbed and overshadowed his art, but maintained its due proportions. In The Son of Royal Langbrith, that study of New England characters which might have received the praise it deserves if it had been the best book of a less prolific writer instead of one of the good books of Howells, this social consciousness appears only in Dr. Anther's knowledge that the whole village of Saxmills, as well as a few individuals, is wronged by the mistaken idea of Royal Langbrith's character which prevails there. And in a few of the later novels, where there is no justification for the treatment of social problems, it finds no direct expression at all.

The Traveller from Altruria, it is true, is wholly concerned with governmental and social conditions. Yet it is saved from the charge of propagandism because its author does not presume to call it a novel or to fill it with the individual characters and surroundings that fill his novels. Since the place portrayed is Altruria and the traveller's name is Mr. Homos, the reader should expect to find what he does find, the picture of an ideal commonwealth. How-

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ells's criticism of American society here and in Through the Eye of the Needle, a sort of sequel which followed it many years later, is unsparing; yet, strange to say, even the most complacent reader is not incensed by it. He points out our condescending attitude toward all those who do domestic work, and our selfishness in considering the back elevator and artificial light good enough for them, while we ride in the front elevator and bask in the sunlight; he indicates the shameful condition of the New York police stations and the injustice of our treatment of convicts; he ridicules our amusements and our false social standards. As imaginary portrayals of an ideal country, these two books are delightful, and as such they should be judged, rather than as novels. Their satire, while pointed, is not bitter, and their mild humor and their closeness of observation give them the charm of a series of closely related familiar essays. Only an artist could have said so much that is radical in thought in a form that is so moderate and so pleasing. It is this moderation in the treatment of social problems, keeping them always within the realm of art, that will make Howells's novels live when many of the novels dealing more pointedly but less artistically with the same problems, will have had their day and ceased to be.

ALTHA LEAH BASS.

The Sacred Wood

The Sacred Wood, by T. S. Eliot. New York: A. A. Knopf.

IT is unlikely that Mr. T. S. Eliot's book of criticism will impress any large section of the public; for one thing, it chiefly deals with a period of English literature of which —in spite of a general profession of acquaintance—very few nowadays have a real and active knowledge: the Elizabethan period; another, more important reason is that Mr. Eliot has made a serious tactical error in not doing his utmost to eliminate the traces of a superior attitude. This is the more to be deplored because there are people prepared to read criticism of literature about which they know nothing, sometimes with the vague idea that an essay will save them the trouble of reading anything more, sometimes, more laudably, with the intention of sampling work to which the first approach is difficult for them. They will be either frightened or offended by Mr. Eliot's manner. It is a pity.

What is more curious, and much more reprehensible, is that the people who ought to take Mr. Eliot's criticism seriously—above all, the English literary critics,—have also behaved as though they were frightened or offended. They have given no sign that they appreciated the important fact that Mr. Eliot possesses a critical intelligence of a high order and a sensibility of an unusual kind; instead of attempting to elucidate a critical attitude that is as surely individual as any of our time, they have abused, misrepresented or ignored him. True, his manner is often unfortunate, portentous and disdainful; his actual writing often stiff and hidebound. But critics who know anything of their real business should be quick to forgive the second of these shortcomings when they realize that it is the direct result of an attempt to express some very subtle perceptions and expound some unfamiliar doctrines. That they have had no inkling—I speak, of course, only of English critics —of what Mr. Eliot is really trying to say; that they have praised him (in the few cases where he has been praised) even more ignorantly than they have blamed him is the most damning evidence I know of the general incompetence of English criticism at the present day.

Before making any attempt to criticize Mr. Eliot's criticism, I must endeavor to present—however inadequately —the main outlines of his thought. He begins with the assumption that a work of literary art is an object which arouses in an educated sensibility a peculiar emotion; but this emotion is not indescribable, as some theorists of the plastic arts hold, nor is it always the same. The main work of the critic is to elucidate the particular emotion aroused by a literary work, by an effort of comparison and analysis; his function is not to expound his own emotions, which may often be, quite legitimately, compounded of a hundred non-aesthetic responses, but to disengage and distinguish the precise emotion evoked by the object as a whole. As a corollary to this, but now regarding the work of literature from the angle of the artist, Mr. Eliot holds—following Remy de Gourmont—that the construction of the object essentially involves a depersonalization of emotion; in other words, a poem of the highest order is not in any ordinary sense of the phrase an expression of personal emotion, but something arranged, built and created in such a way that it must impress in its unique and determined fashion any unbiassed sensibility exposed to it. We must conceive of the writer less as one who speaks to us than as the carver of a solid thing which will compel us to react towards it in a certain way. An artist's seriousness—and this is a word which Mr. Eliot uses often in a sense that (in default of a definition) must be gleaned from his book as a whole —is measured by the degree to which he sacrifices all desire for immediate and unrestrained expression, all personal idiosyncrasy, to the impersonal task of building the solid object which is the work of literary art.

It is important to distinguish this doctrine from that of the French Parnassians, which is trivial in comparison. The Parnassian ideal was also an impersonal art; but the impersonal "beauty" at which they aimed was plastic in an obvious and uninteresting way. Hérédia is sculpturesque, certainly, but he is not solid; and the whole Parnassian movement may fairly be said to have been based on a misunderstanding of the metaphor employed when we speak of a work of art as solid or objective. The Parnassians imagined they made their poetry solid by describing solid objects (Est-elle en marbre ou non, la Vénus de Milo?); so, in prose, did most of the French realists. Mr. Eliot's doctrine is completely uncontaminated by this fallacy, and I think I should be doing him no injustice if I chose as an example of the impersonality of poetry of the highest order, The Phoenix and The Turtle. That neglected poem, which Mr. Eliot certainly admires, is animated by a profound emotion; it troubles depths within us. Yet we cannot form the least idea of the nature of the poet's own emotion. He has completely depersonalized himself, and the mysterious result is perhaps the most perfect poem in the English language.

It follows that, examined by the standard of this ideal, many writers to whom the critics—tous les critiques, cela veut dire un critique copié par tous les autres—are accustomed to award a high place, must be degraded to an inferior rank—a Wordsworth, for instance, falls abruptly. But this is an incidental result. The greater interest of the theory lies in some of Mr. Eliot's practical applications of it to critical problems. A fairly clear consequence of the theory is that pure works of literature, or the pure portions of impure works, may produce in us emotional responses of a very varied kind; for though our judgment that a work is pure must in the last resort depend upon the reactions of our sensibility, our sensibility may reasonably be expected to discriminate between a reaction to a general

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coherence and impersonal solidity and a reaction to particular kinds of coherence and solidity. One solid work of literature may arouse and satisfy far more complex emotional needs in ourselves than another equally solid. The aim of criticism should therefore be twofold: first, to inquire and establish the degree of artistic perfection in a given work, the extent to which the author's personal emotion has been transformed and depersonalized; second, to elucidate and describe the peculiar quality of the work in so far as it is perfect.

The most striking practical application of his methods and principles that Mr. Eliot's book contains is his attempt to grapple with the problem of what we loosely call "comic creation." The only form in which this problem (which should be one of the most fundamental for English criticism) ever reaches the consciousness of the ordinary critic is the problem of Dickens. Mr. Chesterton once made an interesting beginning of an attempt to define the nature of Dickens's achievement in creating his comic characters; but the effort dwindled away in a desert of verbal paradox. Still, seeing that very few critics are aware that Dickens presents any problem at all, we may at least gratefully acknowledge Mr. Chesterton's superior awareness. Mr. Eliot approaches the problem in its primary form, as it occurs in Elizabethan literature. He discerns the close affinity between Marlowe's creation of character and Ben Jonson's. (It is true that it only needs to be pointed out to be recognized; but no one, so far as I am aware, pointed it out before Mr. Eliot, probably because Marlowe is generally supposed to have written tragedies and Jonson comedies.) The common element of their creation is something which really repels the epithets of tragic and comic alike; it is an element for which language has no precise name, a kind of savage caricature. The great characters of Dickens, as Mr. Eliot observes, belong to the same family: Squeers, for instance, is not comic, nor tragic, nor a figure of satire. In his brilliant essay on Ben Jonson's "art of the superficies" Mr. Eliot has definitely advanced criticism; we have a problem of primary importance disengaged for the first time. In literary criticism to disengage a problem is to solve it.

This is not the occasion to discuss questions which seem to be, though they are not, incidental, such as the inquiry into the handling of blank verse by the various Elizabethan dramatists, an inquiry to which Mr. Eliot gives us at least some interesting prolegomena, though some of his exact contentions are dubious. Unfortunately it is the general habit to regard such inquiries as pedantic, although if they are rightly conducted their value for present literary creation is no less than their fascination. It is a thousand pities that Mr. Eliot has not the leisure to pursue his investigations, for it is in his handling of these matters that we come into contact with the element in his criticism which is, to my own mind, the most suggestive of all. His criticism is *positive;* he not only conceives but exercises it as an adjunct and an aid to creation. I do not mean that it is what is commonly called "creative criticism," the activity by which a writer gives a loose rein to all the irrelevant emotions aroused in him by a work of literature, and—in Mr. Eliot's illuminating and rather contemptuous phrase — "indulges a suppressed creative wish." It is rather the opposite of this; a criticism which is directed towards a complete exploration of the work of literature with a view to mastering its mechanism. The man who is lyrical about a 100,000 H. P. turbine helps neither himself nor us to make one, though he may make a number of people believe that they ought to admire it. Mr. Eliot's underlying purpose is to help himself write poetry, not in the form of criticism, but in the form of poetry. Inevitably he has obeyed the law formulated by Remy de Gourmont: "Every man who is sincere attempts to make universal laws of his personal impressions," and often in his book he posits as absolute a critical attitude that is, after all, only relative. I think, for instance, that there is a far better case to be made out for the psychological or biographical critic than Mr. Eliot allows; but that—by the same argument—may be because I myself am rather addicted to psychological criticism.

Critics, like poets, are to be judged by their practice and not their theories. It is perfectly easy for the logic-chopper to knock holes into any aesthetic theory that yields good results in the hands of the critic who devised it; while the theory that is proof against logical attack is inevitably worthless as a practical instrument. The real use of a formulated theory is to help us to understand a critic's practice. It is not worth while, therefore, to deliver a frontal attack on Mr. Eliot's premises and to ask *why* the conception of a work of literary art should be so rigorously restricted; *why* he has so unhesitatingly followed Remy de Gourmont in this matter; *why* he is not made uneasy by his necessary conclusion that "England has produced a prodigious number of men of genius and comparatively few works of art"; and *why* he himself has shirked the task of doing what he wishes Matthew Arnold had done, namely, "to show his contemporaries *exactly why* the author of Amos Barton is a more serious writer than Dickens, and why the author of La Chartreuse de Parme is more serious than either." I for one should have liked it better had Mr. Eliot made his postulates quite explicit; he would at least have added a grace of form to a work of rigorous critical analysis.

However, it would not have helped Mr. Eliot to fair play. He has been attacked by his critical colleagues in England in ways which only show that they are completely unable to grasp his conceptions or his methods. It is easy to make cheap fun of a man who is taking extreme pains to elucidate a subtle thought; it is much harder to understand him. There is a great deal in Mr. Eliot's criticism with which I do not wholly agree, and more that irritates me in spite of my own agreement; but I am convinced that there is only one modern book of poetical criticism that compares with it for suggestiveness, and that is the Poet Laureate's Milton's Prosody. These very different books have in common a rare distinction: they both approach poetry as a poiêsis; they are in an exact sense, "creative criticism."

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY.

Knut Hamsun: From Hunger to Harvest

BETWEEN Hunger and The Growth of the Soil lies the time generally allotted to a generation, but at first glance the two books seem much farther apart. One expresses the passionate revolt of a homeless wanderer against the conventional routine of modern life. The other celebrates a root-fast existence bounded in every direction by monotonous chores. The issuance of two such books from the same pen suggests to the superficial view a complete reversal of position. The truth, however, is that Hamsun

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stands today where he has always stood. His objective is the same. If he has changed, it is only in the intensity of his feeling and the mode of his attack. What, above all, he hates and combats is the artificial uselessness of existence which to him has become embodied in the life of the city as opposed to that of the country.

Problems do not enter into the novels of Hamsun in the same manner as they did into the plays of Ibsen. Hamsun would seem to take life as it is, not with any pretense at its complete acceptability, but without hope or avowed intention of making it over. If his tolerance be never free from satire, his satire is on the other hand always easily tolerant. One might almost suspect him of viewing life as something static against which all fight would be futile. Even life's worst brutalities are related with an offhandedness of manner that makes you look for the joke that must be at the bottom of them. The word *reform* would seem to be strangely eliminated from his dictionary, or, if present, it might be found defined as a humorous conception of something intrinsically unachievable.

Hamsun would not be the artist he is if he were less deceptive. He has his problems no less than Ibsen had, and he is much preoccupied with them even when he appears lost in ribald laughter. They are different from Ibsen's, however, and in that difference lies one of the chief explanations of Hamsun's position as an artist. All of Ibsen's problems became in the last instance reducible to a single relationship—that between the individual and his own self. To be himself was his cry and his task. With this consummation in view, he plumbed every depth of human nature. This one thing achieved, all else became insignificant.

Hamsun begins where Ibsen ended, one might say. The one problem never consciously raised by him as a problem is that of man's duty or ability to express his own nature. This is taken for granted. The figures populating the works af Hamsun, whether centrally placed or moving shadowlike in the periphery, are first of all themselves—agressively, inevitably, unconsciously so. In other words, they are like their creator. They may perish tragically or ridiculously as a result of their common inability to lay violent hand on their own natures. They may go through life warped and dwarfed for lack of an adjustment that to most of us might seem both easy and natural. Their own selves may become more clearly revealed to them by harsh or happy contacts with life, and they may change their surfaces accordingly. The one thing never occurring to them is that they might, for the sake of something or some one outside of themselves, be anything but what they are.

There are interferences, however, and it is from these that Hamsun's problems spring. A man may prosper or suffer by being himself, and in neither case is the fault his own. There are factors that more or less fatally influence and circumscribe the supremely important factor that is his own self. Roughly these fall into three groups suggestive of three classes of relationships: (1) between man and his general environment; (2) between man and that ever-present force of life which we call love; and (3) between man and life in its entirety, as an omnipotence that some of us call God and others leave unnamed. Hamsun's deceptive preference for indirectness is shown by the fact that, while he tries to make us believe that his work is chiefly preoccupied with problems of the second class, his mind is really busy with those of the first class. The explanation is simple. Nothing helps like love to bring out the unique qualities of a man's nature. On the other hand, there is nothing that does more to prevent a man from being himself than the ruts of habit into which his environment always tends to drive him.

There are two kinds of environment, natural and human. Hamsun appears to think that the less you have of one and the more of the other, the better for yourself and for humanity as a whole. The city to him is primarily concentrated human environment, and as such bad. This phase of his attitude toward life almost amounts to a phobia. It must be connected with personal experiences of unusual depth and intensity. Perhaps it offers a key that may be well worth searching for. Hamsun was born in the country, of and among peasants. In such surroundings he grew up. The removal of his parents from the central inland part of Norway to the rocky northern coast meant a change of natural setting, but not of human contact. The sea must have come into his life as a revelation, and yet it plays an astonishingly small part in his work. It is always present, but always in the distance. You hear of it, but you are never taken to it.

At about fifteen, Hamsun had an experience which is rarely mentioned as part of the scant biographical material made available by his reserve concerning his own personality. He returned to the old home of his parents in the Gudbrand Valley and worked for a few months as clerk in a country store—a store just like any one of those that figure so conspicuously in almost every one of his novels. The place and the work must have made a revolutionary impression on him. It apparently aroused longings, and it probably laid the basis for resistances and resentments that later blossomed into weedlike abundance as he came in contact with real city life. There runs through his work a strange sense of sympathy for the little store on the border of the wilderness, but it is also stamped as the forerunner and panderer of the lures of the city.

As a boy of eighteen, when working in a tiny coast town, as a cobbler's apprentice, he ventured upon his first literary endeavors and actually managed to get two volumes printed at his own cost. The art of writing was in his blood, exercising a call and a command that must have been felt as a pain at times, and as a consecration at other times. Books and writing were connected with the city. Perhaps the hatred that later days developed, had its roots in a thwarted passion. Even in the little community where his first scribblings reached print he must have felt himself in urban surroundings, and perhaps those first crude volumes drew upon him laughter and scorn that his sensitive soul never forgot. If something of the kind happened, the seed thus sown was nourished plentifully afterwards, when, as a young man, Hamsun pitted his ambitions against the indifference first of Christiania and then of Chicago. The result was a defeat that seemed the more bitter because it looked like punishment incurred by straying after false gods.

Others have suffered in the same way, although, being less rigidly themselves, they may not, like Hamsun, have taken a perverse pleasure in driving home the point of the agony. Others have thought and said harsh things of the cities. But no one that I can recall has equalled Hamsun in his merciless denunciation of the very principle of urbanity. The truth of it seems to be that Hamsun's pilgrimage to the bee hives where modern humanity clusters typically, was an essential violation of something within himself that mattered even more than his literary ambition to his soul's integrity. Perhaps, if I am right, he is the first genuine peasant who has risen to such artistic mastery, reaching its ultimate heights through a belated recognition

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of his own proper settings. Hamsun was sixty when he wrote The Growth of the Soil. It is the first work in which he celebrates the life of the open country for its own sake, and not merely as a contrast to the artificiality and selfishness of the cities. It was written, too, after he had definitely withdrawn himself from the gathering places of the writers and the artists to give an equal share of his time and attention to the tilling of the soil that was at last his own. It is the harvest of his ultimate self-discovery.

The various phases of his campaign against city life are also interesting and illuminating. Early in his career as a writer he tried an open attack in full force by a couple of novels, Virgin Soil and Editor Lynge, dealing sarcastically with the literary Bohemia of the Norwegian capital. They were, on the whole, failures—artistically rather than commercially. They are among his poorest books. The attack was never repeated in that form. He retired to the country, so to speak, and tried from there to strike at what he could reach of the ever expanding, ever devouring city. After that the city, like the sea, is always found in the distance. One feels it without ever seeing it. There is fear as well as hatred in his treatment of it.

In the country it is represented not so much by the store, which, after all, fills an unmistakable need on the part of the rural population, as by the representatives of the various professions. For these Hamsun entertains a hostile feeling hardly less marked than that bestowed on their place of origin, whither, to his openly declared disgust, they are always longing. It does not matter whether they are ministers or actors, lawyers or doctors—they are all tarred with the same brush. Their common characteristic is their rootlessness. They have no real home, because to Hamsun a home is unthinkable apart from a space of soil possessed in continuity by successive generations. They are always despising the surroundings in which they find themselves temporarily, and their chief claim to distinction is a genuine or pretended knowledge of life on a larger scale. Greatness is to them inseparably connected with crowdedness, and what they call sophistication is at bottom nothing but a wallowing in that herd instinct which takes the place of mankind's ancient antagonist in Hamsun's books. Above all, their standards of judgment are not their own.

From what has just been said one might conclude that the spirit of Hamsun is fundamentally unsocial. So it is, in a way, but only in so far as we have come to think of social and urban as more or less interchangeable terms. He has a social consciousness and a social passion of his own, but it is decentralized, one might say. He knows of no greater man than his own Isaac of The Growth of the Soil —a simple pioneer in whose wake new homes spring up, an inarticulate and uncouth personification of man's mastery of nature. When Hamsun speaks of Isaac passing across the yearning, spring-stirred fields, with the grain flung in fructifying waves from his reverent hands, he pictures it deliberately in the light of a religious rite—the oldest and most significant known to man. It is as if the man who starved in Christiania and the western cities of the United States—not figuratively, but literally—had once for all conceived a respect for man's principal food that has colored all subsequent life for him and determined his own attitude toward everything by a reference to its connection or lack of connection with that substance.

Taking it all in all, one may well call Hamsun old-fashioned. The virtues winning his praise and the conditions that stir his longings are not of the present day. There is in him something primitive that forms a sharp contrast to the modernity of his own style. Even in his most romantic exaggerations, as in Hunger and Mysteries, he is a realist, dealing unrelentingly with life as it appears to us. It would hardly be too much to call his method scientific. But he uses it to aim tremendous explosive charges at those human concentrations that made possible the forging of the weapons he wields so skilfully. Nor does he stop at a wish to see those concentrations scattered. The very ambitions and utopias bred within them are anathema to his soul, that places simplicity above cleanliness in divine proximity. Characteristically we find that the one art treated with constant sympathy in his writings is that of music, which probably is the earliest and certainly the one least dependent on the herding of men in barracks. In place of what he wishes to take away he offers nothing but peace and the sense of genuine creation that comes to the man who has just garnered the harvests of his own fields into his bulging barns. He is a prophet of plenty, but he has no answer ready when we ask him what we are going to do with it after we have got it. Like a true son of the brooding North, he wishes to set us thinking, but he has no final solutions to offer.

EDWIN BJORKMAN.

Victorian Literature

A Survey of English Literature: 1780-1880, *by Oliver Elton. Four volumes. New York*: *The Macmillan Company.*

PROFESSOR ELTON'S first Survey (1780-1830) appeared in 1912 and is now re-issued with the instalment which carries the work on from 1830 to 1880. The publishers ungenerously refuse to supply the new section without the reprint of the old, thus forcing libraries and individuals who already possess the original volumes to purchase duplicates of them. This is the more illiberal in that, save for some scanty addenda and errata, volumes one and two remain in the form in which they were first published. There has been no effort made to add references even to books of such prime importance as Harper's Wordsworth, Ingpen's Shelley, Mayne's Byron, and Colvin's Keats. That the bibliographies make no pretense of being complete is no excuse for these omissions, for such books are part of that "first aid" which the critic claims to offer. But when attention has been called to the "hold-up" perpetrated by the publishers and to the somewhat antiquated form in which the former part of the Survey now reappears, there is very little to criticize in Professor Elton's remarkable work and very much to praise. One may turn at once to his new instalment, the earlier portion being already well and favorably known.

In his Preface the author writes of his book: "As the motto on the title page may indicate [there is *no* motto on the title page, or elsewhere, in any of the four volumes!] it is a series of judgments upon works of art." Nothing has been admitted into this Survey that has failed to give the critic pleasure or entertainment, or to inspire a living interest, or at any rate an active distaste. He has been on guard against "the treacherous glow that is felt by the mere excavator." The biographical element has been eliminated; there is no discussion of "the man and his milieu"; there are no sweeping generalizations upon literary tendencies and literary influences. Each separate work, whether of pure literature or of what Mr. Elton cleverly calls "applied literature," is judged on its own merits as

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a work of art, is faced with the questions: "Is it well done? Does it last? What is it to me?" The result is a work of quite extraordinary poise and equanimity, and of an admirable evenness of execution that sustains itself at a high level without ever becoming monotonous or dull. The Victorian achievement in philosophy, science, history and travel (in so far as these departments come within the borders of literature), and in criticism, belles-lettres, poetry and fiction, has been assayed and weighed by a singularly tasteful and lucid mind equipped with an ever-present but never obtrustive culture.

There is a true catholicity of taste that never betrays any bias, that never slurs over any figure that one might have expected to prove unattractive to him. There is a sense of proportion and a classical regard for the total effect that keeps him from wandering away into digressions upon some peculiarly enticing personality. There is a calm unagitated sanity of judgment which, while it deprives the reader of the ignoble pleasure of scribbling contradictory marginalia, gives him the higher satisfaction of murmuring again and again, "How exactly right! How I should have liked to express with such lucidity so precise and well-founded an opinion!" Such a high and balanced serenity merits the adjective "olympian"; but that Swinburnian word suggests an arrogance that is quite absent from these modest pages. "Catholicity," "sanity," "proportion," "total effect," "lack of prejudice"—such phrases form the critic's stock-in-trade, but until new phrases, equally exact, are found one must rely upon the old in praising such work as Mr. Elton's. Beside his massive yet easily carried scholarship American criticism of one school appears trivial and of another pedantic.

And the best quality remains to be indicated. For to this book one may apply the author's own test. It is a work of art in its kind. The traits spoken of above are all secondary to the author's feeling for style, his instinct for composition (in the wide aesthetic sense) that groups figures appropriately and never in violent antithesis, his happy gift for phrasing that is always crisp yet always urbane. Two sentences on Macaulay illustrate this: "The short biographies, written for the Encyclopaedia Britannica, . . . may fairly be ranked for their peculiar virtues among the masterpieces of the *eighteenth* century." And: "The noisy, hard-fisted vulgarity of some of his remarks on Walpole and Boswell exceeds even their injustice, and some of his pages only retain the interest of an obsolete mode of behavior."

Yet Mr. Elton is capable of doing full justice even to a critic of so antithetical a temperament as Swinburne. On this topic he writes: "It may seem wild to call him judicial; but if we can suppose a judge tossing up his wig and dancing a Border fling on the bench, while he shouts or flutes or shrieks out a balanced and penetrating summing up, ending perhaps with a lofty high-wrought peroration, we shall have some image of Swinburne's mode of criticism." Elsewhere Mr. Elton speaks of Meredith's dialogue, "where people go on conversing at a headlong rate, and positively appear to comprehend and enjoy each other's words, while the reader cannot." This critic never blusters, never plods, never bores.

In so large a work some errors of detail are bound to occur; but I will not mar this rare opportunity for exercising "the noble pleasure of praising" by chronicling various more or less insignificant errata. Comparison with other critical estimates of Victorian literature is inevitable. Professor Walker's Literature of the Victorian Era exhibits, I think, a more philosophical and profound mentality, but one more addicted to aberrations and one less flexible. And placed by the huge cumbersome indispensable syndicate-history from Cambridge, Professor Elton's Survey suggests a race-horse placed in competition with a brontops.

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

Mr. Lansing's Book: A Postscript

MR. LIPPMANN feels so strongly that Mr. Lansing should never have gone to Paris, that he is not interested in what Mr. Lansing did after he got there—nor in what he does through the publication of his book. Undoubtedly, Mr. Lippmann drives home with illuminating force one moral which Mr. Lansing serves to point, namely, that our politics conspire to make declining or resigning office an almost unknown art. But in concentrating upon the dominant feeling which Mr. Lansing arouses in him, Mr. Lippmann has confined himself to a single phase of a very succulent volume.

Mr. Lansing's Narrative has three elements of significance: the light it sheds upon the American political system, the material it furnishes for understanding the happenings at Paris, and its revelation of Mr. Lansing's responsibility for those happenings.

Mr. Lippmann has strikingly analyzed the political traditions that lead a man to continue in office, though a wholly unsympathetic instrument of the policies he is to execute. But Mr. Lansing affords no less a contribution in exposing the terrible and unrestrained powers vested in the American President, by our Constitution and our political practice in the conduct of international relations. Mr. Lansing is too objective a lawyer to substitute his partisan or personal feelings for Constitutional law. Whatever his judgment may be as to the wisdom of keeping the reins of power exclusively in Presidential hands, or however much his ego may have suffered in the process, he is unequivocal in his recognition of the legality of the President's conduct. He thus brushes aside all the silly talk of "usurpation" and "executive encroachment." Mr. Lansing writes:

> Many Americans, some of whom are national legislators and solicitous about the Constitution, seem to have ignored or to have forgotten this delegation [to the President] of exclusive authority [to conduct] our foreign relations, with the result that they have condemned the President in intemperate language for exercising this executive right. As to the wisdom of the way in which Mr. Wilson exercised it, in directing the negotiations at Paris, individual opinions may differ, but as to the legality of his conduct, there ought to be but one mind. From first to last he acted entirely within his Constitutional powers as President of the United States (pp. 6-7).

As if to emphasize this absolute power of the President, Mr. Lansing prints a facsimile of the commission as a Commissioner "Plenipotentiary" to Negotiate Peace which appointed him (and the other Commissioners) without the "advice and consent" of the Senate and *"during the pleasure of the President of the United States"* (p. 28). This is not a mere phrase. "The pleasure of the President" is an accurate characterization of the tenure, as well as of the power, under the Constitution, of commissioners to negotiate peace on behalf of the United States with foreign

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nations. Nothing like this power of the American President is exercised elsewhere in the civilized world. This is not the occasion to discuss possible changes, whether they should be attained through Constitutional amendment or through extra-constitutional practice. But it is unmistakably important that so conservative a lawyer as Mr. Lansing should have directed attention to a very grave problem of our Constitutional system.

Again, if truth-telling about such world-important events as the Paris Conference matters for its own sake, and serves as a help to future action, then Mr. Lansing deserves our gratitude for giving us authoritative materials for judgment as to the underlying causes for the conceded failures at Versailles. Doubtless, the few insiders, like Mr. Lippmann, glean nothing new from Mr. Lansing's story. But Mr. Lansing's gift to the general public becomes apparent upon a comparison between his book and the accounts we have had from Ray Stannard Baker, Charles H. Haskins, Allyn A. Young, and Thomas W. Lamont. The apologists for the Treaty have sought to explain its disillusionments by war passions, the craft or covetousness of the Allies, the want of supporting public opinion behind the President's idealistic program. To be sure, all these factors are relevant. Yet they are not the whole truth. It is Mr. Lansing's distinction that he furnishes other and decisive elements in the story—the President's presence as a delegate and the consequent surrender of his advantage of aloof authority, his weakness as a negotiator, the lack of a carefully prepared program giving application to the Wilsonian principles and the poisoning atmosphere, ("secret diplomacy"), in which the negotiations were conducted. These are the factors that finally produced the dishonest Reparation Clauses, Shantung, the Austrian Tyrol, the French Military Alliance, and the fatal defects in the Covenant.

It is the fashion to say that nothing else except the Treaty of Versailles could have come out of Paris. Of course, in one sense, whatever has happened in this world was inevitable. But to deny that a slight shift of circumstances through a different exercise of the human will, might have made profound differences is to assume a considerable knowledge as to the plans of Providence. It would take a rash man to say that the same Peace would have been written if the President had continued to assert his power from Washington, and had allowed the details of the negotiations to be organized and conducted by a commission composed, say, of Brandeis, Hoover, House, Root and Walsh of Montana. To urge the impossibility of securing such a commission is to say that conventional considerations as to persons or policy were deemed more important than realization of the war aims and the fashioning of a "new world." For to insist, as Mr. Lansing insisted, however late, on the necessity of a carefully wrought-out program for the peace negotiations was merely to realize that the conduct of the peace had to be planned no less effectively than the conduct of the war. To have urged, as Mr. Lansing urged, the fatality of "secret diplomacy" was merely to have recognized that peace had to be fought for against prejudices and passions as much as did the war, and that the conquest of peace, as well as the victory of war, needed the sustaining power of public confidence, fed through public enlightenment.

All this does not imply blame of President Wilson. Judgment is for God; at least not for this generation. But it is necessary for us to make an effort at understanding what really happened at Paris, and why. The limitations of the President's "strength and skill" he himself indicated when he spoke of his "single track mind." So, his practice to insulate himself against critical associates was probably an unconscious physiological self-protection. For Mr. Wilson at all times, and undoubtedly at Paris, was a man of very limited vital energy. Only a human dynamo like Roosevelt or Lloyd George is equal to the demands made on the head of a great modern democracy. Moreover, Mr. Lansing makes a significant suggestion in indicating that the President was a different man at Paris. One ventures to surmise that the process of change had set in even earlier. The Woodrow Wilson who allowed the partisan appeal in the election of 1918 was probably not the Wilson, with his surer judgment, of earlier days. Though intellectual nimbleness and eloquence may have been amply in evidence, yet subtle processes affecting judgment and action must have set in long before the summer of 1919. All these obscure causes the future will reveal. But their effects, Mr. Lansing has disclosed. High-minded and disinterested though they be, the apologists of Paris, partly because they value personal devotion to their Chief as more important than public enlightenment, partly because, like the Roman augurs, they do not trust the common herd, partly because they are self-involved and therefore self-deluded, have adulterated the sources of public opinion. Mr. Lansing has helped to purify them.

And he has done it by self-exposure. For the picture he paints is the picture of an impotent and inadequate Secretary of State. Mr. Lansing saw clearly enough, when keener minds were blinded by the President's personality, that Mr. Wilson selected the wrong instrument for negotiation, pursued wrong methods for its success and sanctioned an atmosphere fatal to the faith necessary for confidence in the results of the negotiations. But Mr. Lansing saw all this either too late, or too ineffectually. The necessity for a program for the Peace, for a detailed "American program," should have been evident the day war broke out, at least to any lawyer accustomed to affairs and alive to the implications of a world-scale negotiation. *There* was a responsibility pre-eminently for the Secretary of State. Yet, so far as his book shows, Mr. Lansing does not seem to have been conscious of the need for organized spade-work until the catastrophe of unpreparedness was upon him at the Conference (p. 201). For, of course, his memorandum of September 21, 1918, as to the territorial settlements (p. 192) was not preparation, but geographic speculation. It will not do to say that the House Inquiry was at work on just such preparation. Valuable and devoted as that work was, no lawyer who ever participated in important litigation will say that the House Inquiry was organized for effective negotiation on such a scale as the Peace Conference involved. What makes this failure of Mr. Lansing still more glaring is that he could not have been unaware of the adequate preparations for eventual negotiations which the British were making.

Mr. Lansing also reveals his ineffectiveness to translate insight into influence. He was unpersuasive with the President, partly because he did not know how to exert influence except through the ceremonial presentation of lawyer's notes. Apart from a certain diffidence and stiffness of manner, doubtless the President found in Mr. Lansing a conventional lawyer's unimaginativeness. Mr. Lansing lacked that "daring" of mind which Lloyd George named as an indispensable requisite for fashioning a new world on the ruins of the war. Mr. Lansing talks about "sovereignty" (pp. 151-153), as Lord Coke talked about seisin. Sovereignty, like seisin, cannot be in abeyance.

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Mr. Lansing is the type of lawyer who is caught in the clutch of categories. For him international relations are not a way of ordering life but jural categories encysted in phrases applicable semper ubique et ab omnibus. But Mr. Lansing also had the qualities of an able lawyer. Whatever the limits of his vision or his daring, he did show, as in his suggestions to the President on December 23, 1918, (pp. 48, 50, 56), trained flexibility of mind capable of accommodating, without impairment, the President's views to the needs of the American Constitution and American political traditions. Despite the "conflict of minds" between the President and Mr. Lansing as to the "mutual guarantees" required by the Fourteen Points, I think Mr. Lippmann will agree with me that the suggestions made by Mr. Lansing to the President, in the memoranda of December 23, 1918, (pp. 48, 50, 56), would have avoided the attack upon the Covenant in the Senate, and have secured the kind of American participation in a League of Nations which the New Republic urged. Yet when all his efforts came to naught, Mr. Lansing signed the Treaty, violated his convictions about law and justice, and jeopardized the future peace of the world. And, unlike General Smuts, he signed in silence.

Yet, be it remembered, Mr. Lansing did have the judgment to foresee the fatal error of the President's personal attendance at the Peace Conference, the unwisdom of a planless negotiation in a fetid atmosphere. More than that, he alone, so far as we know, had the courage to protest directly to the President about these sources of the Paris failures, when others either approved or muttered behind the scenes; except as to Shantung, where Mr. Lansing and Mr. White joined in the noble protest of General Bliss. And if we are to condemn Mr. Lansing for not resigning from the cabinet because he was not treated as an adviser, let such Rhadamantine judgment include others from whom more was to be expected. Judged by this test, Bryan and Garrison are the only heroes of the Wilson administration. Mr. Lansing at least has done penance by exposing the truth without rancor and without self-sparing.

FELIX FRANKFURTER.

Nationalization Triumphs

The Triumph of Nationalization, by Sir Leo Chiozza-Money. London and New York: Cassell and Co., Ltd.

THOSE who are familiar with Sir Leo Chiozza-Money's other works do not need to be reminded that he is a statistician and a scientist. The subject with which he deals is one to which he had devoted his remarkable abilities in earlier works, but this study is made alive by first hand experience in war administration. "The Triumph of Nationalization in the war was a triumph of common sense and practical work over doctrinaire Individualism." It is not, however, a doctrinaire nationalization that Sir Leo advocates.

Science has taught us that we should "ever be prepared to mould our institutions and conceptions of social and industrial possibility in the light of acquired knowledge." Furthermore, the term nationalization "expresses no doctrinaire conception of any special social or industrial form." It is to be expected that it will cover "a multitude of methods and plans." And this is necessarily so because the inherent nature of the different industries is such "that what are good rules for one industry are not necessarily good rules for another."

Sir Leo has no kind words for capitalism in the way it has used ideas. The evidence of the general prevalence of inefficient equipment, of waste and unnecessary duplication, and of the conservative and benighted response to science in management and organization is too overwhelming to make a very good case for capitalism. One would be glad to drop the matter at this point, but the people who have profited chiefly by the ideas of the inventors have not been their descendants but perhaps "the heirs of persons who ninety years ago lent money to a railway promoter to be paid to a lawyer to fight a landlord." This is because by the process of capitalization of such expenditures it results that "throughout our society vanished capital demands its toll in defiance of scientific law." Under such conditions an intelligent community should not "perpetuate folly" and "look on unmoved while new obligations are being fabricated." This should be particularly apropos if "British ships sunk by the Germans are earning larger profits at the bottom of the sea than ever they did while afloat."

If ideas were "used by the community cooperatively on behalf of the community" they "would flourish as never before, and their cultivation would mean a nobler life and an adequate equipment of personal property for the whole community." Moreover, certain forms of "capital used would live [their] appointed term and die [their] natural death," instead of being the means of exacting toll by the few from the many.

As soon as an unorganized nation like England faced war a consciousness of the fallacies underlying doctrinaire individualism was born. "The Government itself was Individualist in theory.". . . "When, therefore, the war began the Government was not only unprepared in principle, but in principle actually opposed, to waging war as war ought to be waged, if we grant its necessity.". . . "Any idea of organizing the nation was foreign to the principles upon which British Government was conducted by any party."

"The accepted principle of industry and commerce is that private enterprise, left to itself, will give the nation all that it needs and produce the best possible results. If, then, that principle is true in peace, it must be truer in war. If it works for good in peace, it must work for even better in war." For to the gain, incentive of the business man, should be added that "of giving special service to his country and of protecting those who are near and dear to him as an individual."

The record of the way doctrinaire individualism actually worked in business and government should occasion considerable disillusionment among its devotees. Not only does the motive of self-interest fail to bring a rounded development of natural resources and coordination among industries, but it leaves a trail of criminal waste in timber, coal, iron, etc. This is natural because the rank and file of business men must meet the most unscrupulous man on his own level and resort to his methods in competition. The first limitation upon development comes through voluntary organizations among business men, who attempt to set up a sovereignty and formulate new rules of the game. Frequently this is ineffective and then business seeks authorization from the state for closer and more powerful organization in the corporate form. This may prove effective in eliminating certain undesirable individuals and practices, but its logical sequence is monopolization and exploitation of the public.

For Great Britain, situated as she is, it was particularly important that her full productive capacity be called into

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play, that the channels of trade be kept open, that she receive needed imports and cut down unnecessary ones, that stocks of goods should not be depleted by exporting or by re-exporting imported goods to make profits for certain individuals, and that her business men should not send her commodities either unknowingly, through carelessness, or wilfully, to the enemy. On all these counts individualism in business fell down.

In spite of these failings Sir Leo is very charitable with business and government. It was the natural thing to expect from the system. The nation had to be driven to organization. Memoranda presented by those appreciating the needs of the day and foreseeing the demands of the future were only slowly heeded. It was fortunate for England that she had a Chancellor of the Exchequer "with no particular bias against national effort." Others in the government like Mr. Runciman, President of the Board of Trade, stated in Parliament, "We have been driven bit by bit, against our will, to suspend the easy flow of purely voluntary action." In the opinion of Sir Leo "the value of national organization could have no stronger tribute. Here was a Government composed of statesmen, who, in common with the majority of men of their time, strongly disbelieved either in State trading or in State interference with trade. They exhausted every expedient to avoid State trading or State interference. And yet they were driven through the failure of their cherished beliefs, to take action forced upon them by the danger into which the country was brought by *'the easy flow of purely voluntary action.'*"

About one third of the book is devoted to showing how the "national synthesis" was worked out. It includes some remarkable instances of the easy flow of purely voluntary action. A coordinating power was needed over and above "voluntary action" if the immediate need for munitions was to be met. Mere requisitioning of factories would not suffice but many had to be built. It was stated by Lloyd George on August 18, 1919, that by their increased productivity and lowered costs they had saved the nation about $2,200,000,000.

Shipping for England was "the Heel of Achilles." "But in no department of the national economy had doctrinaire individualism worked greater harm." The high freights, large profits and inflated values may be regarded as insignificant when compared to the danger to the nation due to lack of supplies. It was not until sufficient control had been given the Ministry of Shipping to mobilize the profit makers engaged as carriers in remote parts of the earth that the British Merchant Marine served its real purpose. Then they were in a position to cooperate with the United States and concentrate shipping in the Atlantic. This with the convoy system won the fight against the submarine.

The story is similar for the food and clothes supply, coal, and railways.

The real power of commercialism and the gain spirit was shown at the close of the war with "the Resumption of Disorder." To Sir Leo it was "Destruction in the name of Reconstruction." The absurdity of resorting to the old system of waste, extravagance, and exploitation in the name of progress is well demonstrated. Blind determination to protect special positions of control was well illustrated by an action of the National Union of Manufacturers. While the issue of the war was still in doubt in July, 1918, they sent a deputation to wait upon the Prime Minister to be assured of the restoration of commercialism. "Every vestige of organization for national production was destroyed at the earliest possible moment. . . . The private controllers of the nation's supplies and industry, who failed the nation so bitterly in the early days of the war, demanded the restoration of their ancient privileges and the Government hastened to obey."

There are chapters which deal with "some things not sold," and which compare the officials under private and public enterprise. In connection with "First things First" the author shows the importance of power, transportation, housing, credits, and public health. While thoroughly appreciative of the great contribution of international cooperation and organization, he is sceptical about any great development there until adequate national organization has been made a "condition precedent." Perhaps the most significant contribution in the book is to be found in the last chapter which deals with "the Gifts of Organization, —Opportunity, Power, Freedom." To those who were involved during the war in the conduct of affairs, national in scope, a new vista must have been opened of the possibilities of using organization to bring a new coordination in our whole economic life. The application of principles common in large scale production was easily extended to larger fields. New records of production were established which show what we really could do if we wished to use our productive capacity to its fullest extent. These exhibits demonstrate that there is no excuse for the persistence of poverty. The chaos introduced by the gain motive and the failure to use organization to obtain coordination, full production, and equitable distribution are the obstacles which hinder the abolition of poverty and a progressively better standard of living for all.

ARTHUR E. SUFFERN.

The Brimming Cup, by Dorothy Canfield. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

THE author of The Brimming Cup is so intent on solving the problem she has set for herself that she fails to give her characters any possibility of existence outside their artificial niches in the story. As a result, she, of course, fails to add any new emphasis to her theory of life. Marise Crittenden, the matronly Pollyanna who is made a central figure, is very busy spreading gladness and old-world culture in a mountain village in Vermont. The ardent wish of Marise is that her domestic happiness shall endure, a desire common and laudable enough, but in this novel it colors and distorts everything else. The alleged forces of opposition are such obvious dummies that knocking them over is no game at all. And yet the sense of effort is always present.

Marise's three children are pulled about with relentless intent. You can fairly hear them creak. The husband plays a strong and silent role. The black-haired villain is quite the old-fashioned melodrama type. Miss Canfield has added a modern note in leaving the heroine free to repulse him herself. That she will repulse him when he has done his worst you are not allowed for one moment to doubt. The happiness of the Crittendens is silhouetted against the disastrous triangle of 'Gene Powers, his wife and her lover, all brought to death by the lack of that stability and insight which Marise and her husband are made to possess. Some of the minor characters are more skilfully drawn and the background of nature and rural life is occasionally effective. The style is never distinguished and is often crude.

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We wrote the "Times" a letter, not so long as the attack on the book, and sent it by registered mail. But of course we might as well have put the letter into the trash basket. When the Great Madame of metropolitan journalism puts up a job, she does not let anybody else put it down. We telegraphed twice, asking the courtesy of a decision by wire collect. Dead silence. We sent the "Times" another advertisement of the book, with a bank draft for $200, and wired, asking their decision on this. No answer. However, we have perfect confidence in their honesty. We know that we shall get the bank draft back. (Later, we got it!)

Also we tried the Professor—wishing to see just what sort of journalistic ethics he is teaching to your sons and daughters at New York University. We ask the Professor, will he publicly demand that the "Times" print the news? We ask, will he publicly retract his defense of the "Times," if the "Times" does not publish the facts for which both the Professor and the "Times" have clamored? We ask reply by wire collect, but we get none. However, we are going to smoke out this Professor! We are going to print the controversy in pamphlet form—both sides of it, please note!—and mail a copy to every student in New York University. We are going to do this every year so long as the Professor lives and teaches. Never again will he talk about journalistic ethics to a group of guileless boys and girls who believe him!

Meantime, "The Brass Check" has been concluded serially in the London "Daily Herald," and is about to start in Berlin "Vorwärts" and Paris "l'Humanite"; also in Norway, Sweden, Holland, Italy, Japan and Argentina. Even when they travel, the editors of the "Times" will be asked about it! Even in their beloved little Belgium! "Lumiere," Antwerp, says: "Upton Sinclair, the greatest writer of America, permits us to publish some extracts from his extraordinary history of American journalism. . . . A man known to all lettered people of the world, whose whole life has been a sacrifice to an ideal of justice, of truth. He is one of the greatest consciences of our society. He is at the same time one of the most prodigious men of action that one ever sees."

People complain that it is hard to get "The Brass Check" in the East. The bookstores do not love it. So we have decided to open a New York office. Joshua Wanhope, who used to edit the New York "Call," and ran away to sea for his health, turned up in San Diego the other day on a collier, and we offered him the job. He said he was no business man, and sailed away on his ship. Then with a couple of telegrams to Long Branch, New Jersey, we stole his wife, and when Joshua arrives in the East, he will be a surprised sailor—he will find Mrs. Sallie in charge of our New York Office at No. 3 East 14th Street. You will find her there also, surrounded by stacks of books, and you may have all you can carry. Also you will find a pamphlet entitled "The Crimes of the Times." Will you help us circulate it, and teach a lesson to the Great Madame? Will you help us persuade her patrons to read the facts—the 444 pages of facts known as "The Brass Check"? Please note also that we have arranged with the Economy Book Company, 33 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois, to act as our middle western agent. All orders will also be promptly filled by them. You can save time by ordering from the nearest place.

Please note also that we have two new editions ready: "King Coal," a novel of the Colorado coal country, and "The Cry for Justice: an Anthology of the Literature of Social Protest." This book contains 891 pages, in addition to thirty-two half-tone illustrations. It is a collection of the world's greatest utterances on the subject of social justice, chosen from thirty languages and four thousand years of history. Jack London called it "This Humanist Holy Book"; Louis Untermeyer says, "It should rank with the very noblest works of all time." The price is, paper bound, $1.00 postpaid; cloth bound $1.50 postpaid. The prices of all our other books, "The Brass Check," "100%," "The Jungle," "The Profits of Religion," "Debs and the Poets" and "King Coal" are: Single copy, paper 60c postpaid; three copies, $1.50; ten copies, $4.50. Single copy cloth, $1.20 postpaid; three copies, $3.00; ten copies, $9.00.

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A Correction

The book review, Creative Chemistry, in our issue of March 16th was written by J. J. Willaman. His name was incorrectly spelled J. J. Williams.

Contributors

WINTHROP D. LANE is contributing editor of the Survey and a member of the staff of the New York Evening Post. He has recently written a series of twenty-two articles on the West Virginia coal-mines for the Post.

JOHN DEWEY, professor of philosophy at Columbia, is at present in China.

LYTTON STRACHEY is the author of Eminent Victorians.

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